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A
TRANSLATION
OF THE
INFERNO
OF
DANTE ALIGHIERI,
IN ENGLISH VERSE.

WITH
Historical Notes, and the Life of *Dante*.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
A SPECIMEN OF A NEW TRANSLATION
OF THE
ORLANDO FURIOSO
OF
ARIOSTO.

VOL. II.

By HENRY BOYD, A.M.

LONDON:
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THE
LIFE OF
DAVID LIVINGSTONE

IN ENGLISH VERSE



BY THE REV. JOHN H. DUNN, D.D.

WITH A HISTORY OF HIS TRAVELS

AND A DESCRIPTION OF THE
NATIVE PEOPLES OF THE
SOUTH AFRICAN INTERIOR

BY THE REV. JOHN H. DUNN, D.D.

LONDON: 1855

THE
I N F E R N O
O F
D A N T E,

CANTO THE THIRTEENTH.

VOL. II,

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CANTO

CANTO THE THIRTEENTH

THE BATTLE OF BUNO

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CANTO THE THIRTEENTH

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A R G U M E N T.

DANTE arrives at the Forest of Suicide, where he finds the Spirit of Pietro de Vignes, Chancellor and Prime Minister to the Emperor Frederick the Second; from whom he learns the Nature of his punishment. In the same region, though differently punished, he finds the spirits of those who had been led to suicide by dissipation. Among these he meets two of his contemporaries, Lano di Sanesi and Jacafro Padouano.

CANTO THE THIRTY-THIRD.

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CANTO THE THIRTEENTH.

I.

HIGH wafted o'er the flood, the Centaur bore
His mortal charge, and gain'd the further shore.
Where the deep horrors of a pathless wood
O'er-hung the wave with dark funereal frown:
Deep tangled shades the horrid soil embrown,
And deadly venom ev'ry trunk bedew'd.

II.

II.

No shade so dismal hides *Cornetto's* shore,
 As where *Cæcina* hears the Tuscan roar,
 Nor fouler shapes possess the haunted glade :
 Their dire assemblies here the *Harpies* hold,
 Whose voice pursu'd the Trojan fleet of old,
 And hideous scenes of future woe display'd.

III.

They fleet around on broad portentous wing,
 And hov'ring high their baleful dirges sing ;
 Then people ev'ry bough, a dismal throng :
 Down to the breast they seem of female race,
 But dusky plumage all the rest deface,
 And with strong talons to the boughs they clung.

IV.

IV.

“ See (Maro cry’d) the Wood, whose gloomy
bounds

A level track of burning sand furrounds :

Beyond the limits of this baleful grove.

And now, for scenes beyond the reach of faith!

Scenes yet unequall’d in the haunts of death!

Prepare your eyes, as thro’ the vale we rove.”

V.

Now dismal shrieks assail’d my startled ear,

Thro’ the long wood, ascending shrill and clear ;

Nor tort’ring hand, nor sentenc’d soul was seen.—

Instant, my vain surmise the *Mantuan* saw—

And—“ Let thy hardy hand (he cry’d) withdraw

Those envious boughs, the walks of death between !”

VI.

VI.

My ready hands the hanging branches tore ;
 And lo ! my hands were all embu'd in gore !
 When, from the trunk, an hollow dismal sound
 Exclaim'd, " Ah ! why my bleeding fibres tear ?—
 If e'er above you breath'd the vital air,
 Why thus with cruel hand your brethren wound ?

VII.

'Tho' here confin'd, in this accursed wood,
 We boast a common race and kindred blood :—
 But, were we born of *Lybia's* venom'd race,
 Hard were the deed our tortur'd boughs to bend,
 And from the trunk our bleeding members rend !
 Nor would a pious hand our plants deface !"

VIII.

VIII.

He sigh'd; and blood for tears began to flow!—
 As when, in summer green, th' unseason'd bough,
 Sullen and slow, the sputt'ring flame receives,
 At many a vent escapes the struggling steam:
 His crackling fibres burst at each extreme,
 And fast th' expiring sigh reluctant heaves,

IX.

My Guide reply'd, " 'Tis needless to upbraid:—
 Had he divin'd thy fate, lamented Shade!
 His guiltless hand had ne'er thy boughs profan'd;
 Or, had he thought on *Polydorus** doom,
 Like thee, confin'd within a living tomb,
 Thy blood his pious hands had never stain'd.

* See Virgil, L. 3.

X.

But, tell thy lineage and paternal name ;
 And if, above, thy violated fame
 Hath suffered aught, let him thy fame defend !"
 Appeas'd, the Voice rejoin'd, " Those welcome
 sounds
 Soothe for a while the mem'ry of my wounds.
 If then your bus'ness brook delay, attend !—

XI.

" Mine were the avenues to *Frederic's* soul ;
 The Royal Mind I* held in soft controul :

And

* This suicide was the famous Pietro delle Vigne, or Petrus de Vincis, confidential minister and physician to Frederic the Second ; (see Notes on C. 10.) he was a Capuan by birth, of the lowest parentage, but rose to the highest offices under the Emperor. He is sup-

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And at my wish his bounty ebb'd and flow'd :
 With faithful zeal the glorious post I kept,
 But Envy woke while I supinely slept,
 And min'd the basis of my fair abode.

XII.

Within the Courtier's breast she lurk'd unseen,
 Rankling the heart beneath the smiling mien,

posed to have written the book of The Three Impostors (Moses, Mahomet, and J. C.) to ingratiate himself with Frederic, but it was the fashion of the Guelf writers to blacken the characters of the Ghibelines. His rise was attended with the envy of all the old Patrician Courtiers, who, by fictitious letters from Pope Innocent the IVth, promising him a considerable reward if he would poison his Sovereign, occasioned his fall. Frederic, equally credulous and cruel, caused him to be blinded, by holding a red-hot bason to his eyes. The fallen minister retired to Pisa; and his pride being hurt by the neglect of the Pisans, or not being able to brook his disgrace, he resolved to put an end to his existence. One day, being led out, he ask'd his guide to conduct him to Paul's Church; and, when he found himself within reach of the wall, he ran his head violently against it and fractured his skull. Others say he flung himself out of a window into the street, when he heard the Emperor's retinue was passing by.

'Till

'Till the black poison burst in ruin round.
 To CÆSAR's heart the venom'd whisper stole.—
 Soon o'er my head I saw Destruction roll,
 Who dealt with hasty hand the deadly wound.

XIII.

In death I hop'd to shun the deep disgrace ;
 But winged Vengeance knew my foul to trace.
 Yet, by those bonds, that hold me to the soil,
 I swear that still, unconscious of a stain,
 This hand upheld the glories of his reign,
 Nor fold my fame, nor shar'd the public spoil.

XIV.

And oh ! if yonder world expects you still,
 Let not Detraction on my name distil

Her

Her pois'nous dew, but chase the fiend away!"

He ceas'd, and seem'd to wait my last reply.

Haste, haste! (exclaim'd the Bard) the minutes
fly,

While here you waste the hours in fond delay."

XV.

Ask thou, (I cry'd) whate'er imports to know:—

so fast my rising tears began to flow,

That utterance is deny'd."—The Bard began:

So may thy fervent pray'r prevail above,

ay, what strange spell, in this *Tartarean* grove,

in ev'ry trunk enfolds a sentenc'd man?

XVI.

Does no kind chance the prison'd soul redeem?"

spoke, the Ghost renew'd the doleful theme:

"When

Her

'Till the black poison burst in ruin round.
 To CÆSAR's heart the venom'd whisper stole.—
 Soon o'er my head I saw Destruction roll,
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XIII.

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 But winged Vengeance knew my soul to trace.
 Yet, by those bonds, that hold me to the soil,
 I swear that still, unconscious of a stain,
 This hand upheld the glories of his reign,
 Nor sold my fame, nor shar'd the public spoil.

XIV.

And oh ! if yonder world expects you still,
 Let not Detraction on my name distil

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In ev'ry trunk enfolds a sentenc'd man?

XVI.

Does no kind chance the prison'd soul redeem?"

I spoke, the Ghost renew'd the doleful theme:

"When

“ When the fierce soul, disdaining longer stay,
Spontaneous leaves the bounds of upper air,
Seven times the depth of this eternal sphere
He falls, for ever in those bounds to stay.

XVII.

Wherever flung, he casts a random root,
Thence up, amain, the horrid fibres shoot;
And soon the savage plant o’ershades the soil.
On ev’ry stem a baleful bird descends,
And with insatiate bill our foliage rends;
While blood and mingled tears the trunk defile.

XVIII.

The general doom shall bid us seek our dust;
But not to clothe us in the hated bust;

That

That odious union no command compels.
At ev'ry trunk within the woody waste,
The hanging corse shall taint the coming blast!
While deep within the wailing spirit dwells."

XIX.

It ceas'd, and still we stood, intent to hear ;—
When thro' the gloomy grove, distinct and clear,
We heard the clamours of the chace afar.
As when, to vengeance rous'd, the chafing boar,
Prepares his cruel fangs to bathe in gore,
So seem'd the discord of the Sylvan war.

XX.

At length the bloody hunt appear'd in view ;
The hounds of Hell a wretched pair pursue !

Naked

Naked they ran, and, all besmear'd with gore,
 The crackling branches broke before their flight.
 " Oh Death! (the foremost cry'd) assert thy right :
 Nor let us still in vain thy aid implore !"

XXI.

" Had you thus ply'd your feet on TOPPO's plain,
 (The second cry'd) thy corpse among the slain
 Had not been found on that ill-omen'd day *."
 Faintly he spoke, and, on a bough reclin'd,
 Heard the loud questing in the coming wind,
 And, sternly patient, seem'd to stand at bay.

XXII.

* This spirit, who is described so expeditious in his flight, was named LANO, a native of Scinno ; he was sent with a detachment of his countrymen to assist the Florentines against the Aretines ; but finding the fortune of the day turning against him, and reflecting that he had survived his patrimony, and all the enjoyments he had any relish for, he rushed into the thickest of the battle and was killed.

The

XXII.

Soon issuing from the grove, the Brood of night
 Traverse the tainted ground with fell delight,
 And snuff with eager scent the poison'd gale.
 Arriv'd, the falling wretch they soon surround,
 Fasten at once, and drag him to the ground ;
 Then bear his mangled members down the dale,

XXIII.

The plaintive tree his shatter'd arms upheld,
 From ev'ry bough a crimson current well'd.

The other spirit, companion of his flight and torment, was *Jacopo Di Santa Andrea*, a Paduan, who had spent his substance with a profusion that look'd like frenzy. In order to make a bonfire for the welcome of some friends, he ordered all his labourers, cottages, corn, and waggons to be consumed in one conflagration. He killed himself in a fit of despair, after a life of dissipation.

While *Maro* led me to the scene of blood,
 “ Ah! *Giaccomo*, why my branches tear,
 Ought I the vengeance of thy crimes to bear?”
 Thus wail'd the Spirit, in his shrine of wood.

IVXX

XXIV.

“ Say! who art thou that stain’st the dismal shore
 (Exclaim’d the Roman Bard) with streaming gore?”
 Sighing, the Voice reply’d, “ Whatever Pow’r
 Leads you this scene of carnage to survey;
 With pious hand my shatter’d members lay,
 Where late you saw the fiends their prey devour.

XXV.

You know, those walls that own’d the martial God,
 Then chang’d the terrors of his iron rod,

END OF CANTO XIII.

Re-

Relenting, for the *Baptist's** milder sway :
 Their change the furious Pow'r indignant saw,
 And bent her down beneath his sterner law,
 Wasting their strength in many a bloody fray.

XXVI.

Where now on *Arno's* flood his statue frowns,
 Whose demon pow'r the abject city owns,
 (Else were her ruins spread along the shore)
 The furies saw me there the cord extend,
 And from the fatal beam my weight suspend ;
 Mine own ill-omen'd roof the burthen bore †.

* The Church of the Baptist at Florence was formerly a Temple of Mars. The Poet insinuates, from their love of war and discord, that they were still more attached to the ancient object of their worship than the " mild sway of the Baptist."

† This catastrophe was such a common result of a life of dissipation in the 13th century, that, say the commentators, it is hard to ascertain the particular person meant by the Poet here, under the image of a shattered tree.—A life of extravagance, closed by suicide, is delineated with great justness of design, and strength of colouring, in *Cecilia*, or *Memoirs of an Heiress*, Vol. I. and II. See also *Letters on Infidelity*.

END OF CANTO XIII.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM 1630 TO 1800

1771

A K O U M I N T

Beyond the Neck of Swinley, the two principal
the Point of Blenheim and the Point of
Chapel of the same, one of the three principal
taken a conspicuous light, the other a
extensive promontory, the Point of the
way along the Banks of the river, and the
taken the opportunity of leaving from the
Origin of the system.

B

C A N T O X I V .

A R G U M E N T .

Beyond the Forest of Suicide, the two Travellers find the Plains of Blasphemy and Atheism, where the Ghost of Capaneus, one of the Theban Leaders, makes a conspicuous figure. After viewing their various punishments, the Poets pursue their journey along the Banks of Phlegethon, where Dante takes the opportunity of learning from Virgil the Origin of the Infernal Rivers.

CANTO THE FOURTEENTH

CLEANING his ruins from the bloody stain
By kindred love compell'd, my pious hand
Redeem'd the mourning butt with honours due
Then, parting sad, we reach'd the dismal bound
Here the red plain the gloomy grove surround
And Justice arms her hand with horrors new

CANTO THE FOURTEENTH.

I.

GLEANING his ruins from the bloody strand,
By kindred love compell'd, my pious hand
Bedeck'd the mourning bust with honours due :
Then, parting sad, we reach'd the dismal bounds
Where the red plain the gloomy grove surrounds,
And Justice arms her hand with horrors new.

II.

II.

The burning sands reflect the tortur'd light,
 Far gleaming thro' the fullen robe of Night,
 To vegetation's kindly pow'r unknown :
 Save where the loud lamenting Grove behind
 Loads with her dismal plaints the passing wind,
 And girds the Champaign with a gloomy zone.

III.

Our cautious feet with agonizing pain
 Coasted around that ever-burning plain,
 And left the Grove of Suicide behind.
 Such burning sands the fearless † ROMAN trod,
 And fac'd the terrors of the fervid God,
 Ere Liberty her latest breath resign'd.

† Alluding to the famous march of Cato, with the remains of Pompey's beaten army, through the burning sands of Lybia. -- See a very spirited description of his Journey, *Pharsalia*, Book 9th.

IV.

IV.

Vengeance of Heav'n! I saw thy hand severe
 (Your doom! ye Atheists and Blasphemers, hear!)
 O'er many a naked soul the scourge display!
 In different lots the sentenc'd bands were cast,
 While some the burning marle incessant trac'd,
 Some cow'ring fate, and some blaspheming lay.

V.

Here grov'ling bands their burning wounds deplore,
 There, ghastly throngs around the dreary shore
 With dastard wailings bend beneath the storm.
 While, winding round the shore, unknown to rest,
 Some shift in endless march their feet unblest,
 And o'er the plain in many a Legion swarm.

VI.

A race select possess'd the middle plain,
 Less num'rous far, but doom'd to fiercer pain !
 For there in waving folds the sheeted fire
 Incessant falls, as o'er the ALPINE sleeps
 When in his Cave the wrath of BOREAS sleeps,
 The snow descends, and wreaths the rocky spire.

VII.

As when young † AMMON trod the Indian waste,
 He saw the climate breathe a sulphurous blast,
 And

† This story of Alexander the Great is taken from Albertus Magnus (de mirabilibus mundi.) He says, that in India the sun extracts the terrestrial vapours, and kindling them in the air, sends them down in showers of fire, and that Alexander to prevent this inconvenience, caused the ground to be turned up.—In the province of Persia, where the worshippers of fire hold their chief mysteries, the whole surface

And fire with catching flames the sultry shore ;
 'Till num'rous hands upturn'd the flagrant soil,
 And check'd the running plague with patient toil,
 While Heav'n in pity gave the contest o'er.

VIII.

Thus the red tempest overhead descends,
 The fuel'd plain her dire assistance lends ;

of the earth, for a considerable space, seems impregnated with inflammable vapours. A reed stuck into the ground continues to burn like a flambeaux. An hole made under the surface of the earth immediately becomes a furnace, answering all the purposes of a culinary fire. They make lime there by merely burying the stones in the earth, and watch with veneration the appearance of a flame that has not been extinguished for time immemorial.——Goldsmith's History of the Earth. Vol. I. page 86.

This horrible description, and the different characters and situations of the criminal, would make a noble subject for the pen of a Savior Rosa.

Till

'Till rous'd to rage, the blended burnings meet.
A thousand plagues around the Legions dwell,
Ten thousand hands the clinging plague repel,
The plain loud echoing to their shifting feet.

IX.

" Oh, Guide! with whom the burning wall I view'd,
Whom nought but yon rebellious Fiends withstood;
Disclose his name, whose Giant-bulk divides
The parted bands! his lot he seems to scorn.
The storm unheeded falls, in vengeance borne,
And guiltless flames surround his lofty sides.

X.

The Giant * heard; " And still the same, he cry'd,
Since this strong arm the bolt of Jove defy'd

I felt

* This Giant-form is Capaneus, one of the seven leaders who invaded Thebes, remarkable for his bravery and blasphemy. He was struck

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I felt his utmost, and his pow'r despise,
 Blow all your fires ! ye Sons of Ætna ! blow
 Vesuvius ! groan thro' ev'ry vault below ;
 In vain your red explosions sweep the skies,

XI.

Your blended fires shall find my soul the same,
 Tho' PHLEGRA join her fierce, auxiliar flame,
 With ev'ry bolt that scar'd the giant brood.
 Ev'n here, enwomb'd within the flaming deep,
 This eye can bid his boasted triumph weep,
 This mind retain its firm unalter'd mood."

XII.

struck dead with lightning in attempting to scale the wall. — See
 Euripides Phœnissæ, Æschylus, Statius Thebaid. l. 10.

Milton seems to have borrowed and transferred to his own Arch-
 rebel some traits of this unsubmitting character. — See Par.
 Lost. B. 1.

XII.

In harsh unwonted strain return'd the Bard :—

“ Ill-fated Chief! in vain by thunders marr'd,

Still lives thy pride in this infernal vale?—

Thy deadly rage sublimed the circling fires!

Thy bosom-torture with the flame conspires,

And mingled plagues thy haughty heart assail.”

XIII.

Then, turning round to me, with soften'd tone,—

“ Behold the Chief that shook the *Theban* throne,

And led the horrors of fraternal war!

Singly he dar'd the pow'r of Heav'n blaspheme,

And here in Hell pursues the deadly theme:

For yet untam'd his stormy passions jar*.

* See Supplement to the Notes.

XIV.

XIV.

Now round the gloomy verge, with cautious feet,
 Pursue my steps, where yonder shadows meet,
 And hide the burning vale with umbrage hoar."
 Prompt I obey'd, till thro' the gloomy wood,
 Sent from a viewless fount, a swelling flood
 With sanguine current flush'd the sandy shore.

XV.

Such, *Bulicarne*! thy infected wave,
 Where their foul forms thy shameless *Naiads* lave,
 Winding thro' rifted rocks her devious way:
 There, bending gently o'er from side to side,
 Her banks ascend in high theatric pride,
 And by the lofty verge our journey lay.

XVI.

XVI.

Not all the wonders of the *Stygian* state,
 Since first we past the ever-yawning gate,
 Ought with this flowing miracle to vye !
 Where'er it runs the flame forgets to rage,
 Its waves the terror of the clime assuage,
 And quench the flaming ruin of the sky,

XVII.

Eager the cause to know, my Guide I pray'd,
 And soon the Bard the wondrous cause display'd.—
 “ A desert isle amid the Ocean stands,
 Known by the name of *Crete* in days of yore,
 When antient *Saturn* rul'd the happy shore,
 And Peace and Concord blest his wide command.

XVIII.

XVIII.

There antient *Ida* rais'd her hallow'd head,
 Her sacred springs with solemn umbrage spread;
 Now time hath laid her mellowing honours low.
 There *Ops* of old the heavenly Babe conceal'd,
 While round her bow'r the loud *Curetes* yell'd,
 And stopp'd with clanging arms the coming foe.

XIX.

There, rais'd to Heav'n, a giant-statue stands,
 Whose front sublime the subject plain commands,
 And still to Rome he points a warning eye;
 But turns his back, where old redundant *Nile*,
 With annual tribute cheers the level soil,
 While round his golden head the vapours fly.

XX.

Silver his tow'ring neck and manly breast,
 Strong brazen ribs enclose his ample chest;
 And limbs of jointed steel his frame uphold.
 Firm on his better foot he seems to trust,
 Tho' form'd of clay and mould'ring in the dust,
 Yet still it seems to prop his giant mold.

XXI.

Unstigmatiz'd his burnish'd front he rears,
 But o'er his motly form unnumber'd scars
 For ever yawn, and ev'ry scar distills

A briny stream around his moisten'd feet *;
 In mingled rills the mazy currents meet,
 And purling thence the ample valley fills.

XXII.

* By this Statue on Mount Ida, the Commentators say, is meant
 Time.—The degeneracy of the different ages, by the different metals

that

XXII.

Far thence the wand'ring current winds its way;
 'Till in those nether realms, devoid of day,
 Three sev'ral heads it forms, of mighty name:—
 First *Acheron* the doleful region laves,
 Then *Styx* and *Pblegethon* with fiery waves,
 And, far below, *Cocytus*' frozen stream.

XXIII.

With headlong haste they seek the central deep,
 And in th' oblivious pool for ever sleep;

that compose the image, and the growing vices and miseries of mankind are adumbrated under the idea of the four infernal rivers, formed by the tears of time for the degeneracy of his offspring. The "warning eye" of the Statue pointed to Rome is very remarkable. Dante, in all his Works, is very pointed against the corruptions of the Church.

Thine eye shall see them in their dread repose!"

"How find the floods their subterraneous way?

(I cry'd) or why abhor the face of day,

And here at length a sanguine stream disclose."

XXIV.

"Wast thou a wand'rer in the Vale of Death!

(The Bard reply'd) nor saw the winding path,

Circling from steep to steep the vast profound.

Still half the uncouth voyage yet remains!

Still many a realm of everlasting pains,

Behold th' eternal torrent sweep around!

XXV.

Seems not the steep to court the headlong tide?

Be patient then, and bid thy doubts subside,

What-

Whatever wonder meets thy startled eyes!"
 Submiss, I spoke:—"Yet tell, Illustrious Shade!
 Where *Phlegethon* descends in flames array'd,
 Or *Lethe's* waves the charmed draught supplies?"

XXVI.

"Thou saw'st the first in boiling eddies rave*,
 Thou heard'st him struggling thro' the sanguine
 wave,
 (He cry'd); but, doom'd to purge the taint of sin.
 Far off, slow *Lethe* sees her current roll,
 And sends to bliss the disembodied soul,
 When hallow'd tears have wash'd her stains within.

XXVII.

But now the moment bids our toils renew.
 Haste! from the op'ning grove thy Guide pursue:

* See Canto XII.

See ! from our favour'd path the flames recede ;
 The scorching vapour leaves the charmed strand ;
 And cooler airs along the shore expand."
 He spoke ;—my ready feet the call obey'd.

END OF CANTO XIV.

C A N T O XV.

A R G U M E N T.

Before the Poets leave the regions of burning sand, they meet a detachment of Spirits, who had been guilty of crimes against nature. Among those, with some difficulty, DANTE recognizes the shade of the celebrated BRUNETTO LATINI, who had been his tutor in his early days, from whom he learns the cause of his punishment, and the names of his associates.

CANTO XV

A R G U M E N T

CANTO XV

Along the sounding rock her footfalls sweep,
While overhead, exulting from the deep,
The cloudy canopy tops the flame;
Such the eternal mound that met the flood
As those on BELGIA'S ancient bounds, that flood
The fury of the rapid Scheldt to tame;

C A N T O XV.

I.

ALONG the founding rock our footsteps sweep,
 While, overhead, exhaling from the deep,
 The cloudy canopy repels the flame !
 Such the eternal mound that met the flood
 As those on BELGIA's antient bounds, that stood
 The fury of the rapid SCHELD to tame ;

II.

II.

Or such old PADUA rears against the waves
 Where headlong BRENTA thro' the valley raves,
 And CHIARANTANA fees her snows distil.
 But humbler mounds the ALPINE surge repel
 Than those huge moles that bank the surge of Hell,
 And shew a mightier hand and master's skill.

III.

Now far behind we left the sinking wood,
 When, by the margin of the silent flood
 A shadowy band in flying march we meet,
 As objects seen by Phœbe's glimm'ring light,
 When her pale crescent half illumines the night,
 With hollow gaze the wond'ring spectres greet.

IV.

IV.

Keen as the guiding steel the artist views,
 Their eager eyes my mortal form peruse :
 When straight a voice exclaiming from the croud
 Was heard ; and soon a strong arresting hand
 Seiz'd me alarm'd ;—and “ Oh ! what strange
 command
 Hath sent thee here ? ” the phantom cry'd aloud.

V.

Soon disengaging from the foul embrace,
 I strove his horrid lineaments to trace
 With sulph'rous blast enfear'd, and thunders scar,
 And soon * BRUNETTI'S ruin'd form I found,
 Tho' deep conceal'd beneath the fiery wound,
 “ Ah ! who, I cry'd, that honour'd form could mar.”

VI.

* Brunetto Latini, a famous professor of philosophy and rhetoric,
 and no contemptible poet. From a piece of his, called IL TER-

RETTO,

VI.

The ruin'd man reply'd, "if ever dear
 You held LATINI's name, vouchsafe to hear
 His piteous tale, and let your guide retire."
 "Approach, I cry'd, within this calm retreat
 (If he allows) and take thy shady seat
 Far from the tempest of descending fire."

VII.

"Alas! in vain thy friendly wish, he cry'd,
 Repose even for a moment is deny'd!

RETTO, Dante took the Exordium of the INFERNO.——See
 WARTON's Summary, &c. He was tutor to Dante in his early
 days, and was banished from Florence for forgery, but condemned
 (says his pupil) to the Infernal Regions, for crimes of a different
 nature.

The sentenc'd soul for ever fleets around.—

—Who dares the rig'rous mandate to despise,

In chains twice fifty STYGIAN summers lies,

Struggling in vain to shift his burning ground.

VIII.

But still 'tis giv'n me from yon' band to stray,

A sad attendant on thy destin'd way ;

Go on !—I follow thro' the vale beneath,

'Till overpow'ring fate my steps compel

To join yon' restless band that measures Hell,

And mourns the fiery fall of heav'nly wrath.

IX.

Full o'er the burning verge my head reclin'd,

Caught his sad accents in the passing wind ;

As

As from the vale the following shade exclaims :
 " What fury led thee down the darksome way,
 A breathing soul in tenement of clay ;
 Say who conducts thee thro' the parting flames ? "

X.

" Forlorn, I cry'd, and smit with chilling dread,
 As late I wander'd thro' a darksome glade,
 And fought with trembling feet a devious way,
 Pitying my deep despair, this gentle ghost
 With welcome words my troubled mind compos'd,
 And led me hither from the walks of day. "

XI.

" If right, he cry'd, I read thy natal star,
 The port of glory opens from afar ;

And,

And, had not fate my kindred aid denied,
 This friendly hand thy future course had shew'd,
 Such early gifts the hand of Heav'n bestow'd,
 Nor had my friend despis'd his antient guide.

XII.

But that obdurate tribe whose souls retain
 The black impression of their antient stain,
 Shall push thee from their walls with hostile hate.
 In vain the gen'rous plant of juice refin'd
 Adopts the wildings rough, ungentle, kind,
 And bears with yielding trunk the alien freight.*

XIII.

Hell mark'd of old the ignominious race,
 And still the horrid lineaments we trace;

* Dante pretended to derive his blood in a right line, from the old Roman Colony that first settled in Florence.

(Purge thou thy foul, if any spots remain!)
 For civil rage the arts of peace shall learn,
 And factions reconcil'd thy worth discern;
 But, wise too late, discern thy worth in vain.

XIV.

Then deadly rage shall seize the alien brood,*
 And bathe their ruffian hands in kindred blood;
 Yet still their wrath shall spare the ROMAN stem,
 In mem'ry of her kind protecting shade;
 When erst her height the rising vale survey'd,
 Ere alien tribes had stain'd her antient name.

XV.

"If ceaseless pray'r could make th' avenger mild,
 Thou shouldst not wander thus, a soul exil'd."

* See Life of Dante, last page.

Sad I rejoin'd ! " For yet my heart retains,
 And ever shall retain, in sacred store
 The treasures of thy soul-ennobling lore,
 While life's warm current fill thy pupil's veins.

XVI.

Nor till my grateful heart forgets to heave
 Will this unwearied tongue the subject leave :
 And, tho' disasters cloud my days to come,
 Let her whose voice dispell'd my gloomy care,
 Who led me thro' the caverns of despair,
 Dispense with sov'reign hand her Poet's doom.

XVII.

Nor ever shall the frown of fate control
 The fix'd intent of this determin'd soul,

Whatever plague the wayward pow'rs intend.
Whether she raise my buoyant hopes in air,
Or hurl them to the depths of low despair,
Pleas'd shall her captive sink, and pleas'd ascend."

XVIII.

" Unhappy is the man, exclaim'd my guide,
From whose weak mind the words of wisdom glide."
Blushing I heard, but ask'd, unsated still
With the high converse of the sentenc'd dead,
What Chiefs renown'd the dark procession led,
And who were doom'd the hideous line to fill."

XIX.

Prompt he replies, " the souls of nobler name
'Tis giv'n to know, but on the doleful theme

The

The parting moments steal with envious pace;
 Of those, the chief at Learning's altar bow'd
 Prelates and Priests, along, selected crowd,
 All stigmatiz'd with SODOM's deep disgrace.

XX.

There holy * PRISCIAN leads the letter'd throng,
 Here fam'd ACCORSO † tow'rs their files among.
 † He too is there, who late at ROME's request,
 Forsook proud FLORENCE for VICENZA's plain,
 The living scandal of the hallow'd train,
 'Till the kind clay his tainted limbs oppress.

* The famous Grammarian.

† A celebrated Civilian, better known by the name of Accursius.

‡ Andrea Mezzo, first bishop of Florence, where his flagitious course of life became so notorious, that his friends got him translated to Vicenza, as a less frequented place, where he died.

XXI.

No time is giv'n of other names to tell,
 For hark! on yonder plain what terrors swell.
 And see! in tempests roll'd, the burning sand
 Mingled with smoke, ascends the glowing sky!
 I see! I see! a dire assembly nigh,
 Nor dare I mingle with the hostile band.

XXII.

Love my remains," he cry'd, and fled forlorn,
 In a cross whirlwind o'er the desert borne.
 Our aching eyes his sounding flight pursue.
 Nor speeds the kindling racer to the goal
 With foot so fleet, when conquest fires his soul,
 As o'er the glist'ning sand the phantom flew.

END OF CANTO XV.

C A N T O X V I .

A R G U M E N T .

The Poets, still following the course of the Infernal Rivers, and now approaching near the second Cataract, meet another Detachment of those who were punished for committing violence against Nature. Among them he distinguishes the Souls of two noble Florentines, TEGGHIAIO, and JACOPO RUSTICUCIE, who lay him under particular injunctions on his return to the upper world.— Then arriving at the Regions of FRAUD, the Poets wait for an Assistant to waft them down the steep.

C. A. N. O. XVI

C. A. N. O. XVI

Now of the many things that
Our startled souls perceive the truth
Like the horse laden with a burden
When pressing onward into the fall
Another unseen journey came
And these their couriers found the way

N
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C A N T O XVI.

I.

NOW o'er the margin, echoing from afar,
 Our startled sense perceives the watry war;
 Like the hoarse cadence of a summer swarm:
 When, pressing onward thro' the falling flame,
 Another caravan lamenting came,
 And three swift couriers spread the wild alarm.

II.

II.

The foremost racer of the gloomy host
 Exclaim'd " Oh, stay ! a common foil we boast ;
 Natives alike of ARNO's hated shore !"
 I look'd, and some the recent plague assail'd,
 Some, longer damn'd, their antient wounds bewail'd,
 The flaming scourge had mark'd their members o'er.

III.

Awhile the MANTUAN to the coming found
 Attentive stood, then speedy turn'd around,
 " And no ignoble band is near ! he cry'd,
 They seem to wish thy stay, nor thou disdain,
 Nor dread the sulph'rous blast that sweeps the plain,
 Nor the red tempests of the kindling skies.

IV.

IV.

We stood, and swelling in th' infernal gale,
 A fuller voice of woe our ears assail,
 And soon the sentenc'd crew appears in fight.
 Tracing the fervid plain in dismal dance,
 And wheeling round with envious look askance,
 My earthly form they view'd with stern delight.

V.

Thus doom'd to slaughter in the lists of blood
 With level'd points the Gladiators stood,
 Perusing each his foe with studious gaze,
 "Contemn us not, they cry'd, a race unblest
 Nor scorn our fervent pray'r in pain address,
 But tell who leads thee thro' these darksome ways.

VI.

VI.

That bleeding, bare, and blasted form behold,
 Unhide-bound how he runs!—In days of old
 † GUIDO was he! too well to MANFRED known,
 In peace, in war, in arts and arms renown'd,
 Tho' now condemn'd to walk the burning round,
 Behind him TEGGHIO ¶ treads the fervid zone.

† The Lord of Cassentino, by whose advice Charles of Anjou, brother to St. Lewis, to whom Innocent the fourth had given the Crown of Naples, won the battle of Benevento, where Manfred, who had usurped the Crown of his nephew Conradin, was defeated and slain.——See Florentine History annexed.

By these unextinguishable flames that assail the violators of nature, the Poet allegorizes the ravings of insatiable desire.——See the Platonic View of Futurity at the end of the notes.

¶ A noble Florentine, of the family of Addrobandino, who endeavoured by his counsel to prevent the unfortunate affair at Valdarbia.——See Canto the tenth.——See also Florentine History annexed.

VII.

Loud raves that voice around the shores of Hell

On which the list'ning senate us'd to dwell ;

And if a viler name you want to know,

That scandal of his clime JACOPO † see,

Where, still obedient to the fate's decree,

The nuptial furies haunt my soul below,

VIII.

Struck with the mem'ry of these shades ador'd,

The mingled horrors of their lot abhorr'd

Had scarce restrain'd me from a last embrace ;

But Hell had mark'd them with a hand of fire,

The foul contagion cool'd my warm desire,

And thus in groans I hail'd the noble race ;

† Driven by domestic unhappiness into a flagitious course of life.

IX.

IX.

“ Witnefs my fcalding tears, my heaving breast,
If aught but fwelling grief my fpeech fuppreff;
And flowly, flowly ebbs the tide of woe!
Witnefs the Bard who far your coming fhew’d
From TUSCAN veins my vital current flow’d,
And ARNO’s banks a common name beftow.

X.

Heav’n leads me down, a far fequefter’d way,
Thro’ the dark centre, to the walks of day,
Where fruits of heav’nly fcenc o’erhang the path,
And Sin her pois’nous gall forgets to fhed.
Yet your great names my early rev’rence bred,
Still unabated in the fields beneath.

XI.

XI.

So may your limbs sustain the lengthen'd toil,

So may thy name adorn thy native foil.

" Oh ! happy wand'rer ! tell, a spirit cries,

Shall we believe the voice of common fame,

That yon' devoted walls the furies claim,

No virtue left to purge the tainted skies.

XII.

For newly in GOMORRAH's bands enroll'd,

BORSIERI † late, the dreadful tidings told.

† A noble Florentine, noted for the festivity of his talents.—He was famous for making up quarrels;—but (like Peter Dandin, in Rabelais) he always waited till the resentment of the parties cooled, and that they wished to be reconciled.——On being asked by Grimaldi, a rich covetous old nobleman, what ornament he should place in his new Saloon, so as to appear both elegant and uncommon, he answered, " Liberality."——The inuendo is said to have had an immediate effect on Grimaldi's disposition.——See Boccaccio Decamerone.

“ Too true, alas ! I cry’d, the dismal tale,
For *Av’rice* leads her thro’ the fordid maze,
And mad Sedition mars her golden days,
While Freedom weeps forlorn in ARNO’s vale.

XIII.

Abash’d the spectres heard, and hung their head,
And in each other’s looks confusion read ;
“ Then, happy soul, they cry’d, to whom ’tis giv’n
So soon the doubts of HADES to remove,
So may’st thou tell thy wondrous ’scapes above,
And view again the starry cope of Heav’n.

XIV.

Then, Oh ! forbid the hand of Time to sweep
Our names with us to this oblivious deep :”

They

They ceas'd, the dismal dance in fragments flew,
 And wide dispersing o'er the face of night,
 Wing'd by pursuing vengeance, urg'd their flight
 'Till the red tempest veil'd them from the view.

XV.

Now, hast'ning round, we sought the further shore,
 Whence heard by fits the falling waters roar,
 In cataracts descending to the main.
 Thus father APPENINE in foamy pride
 Pours the full torrent from his lofty side,
 And sends it down to sweep the subject plain.

XVI.

By Benedict's proud wall the flood descends,
 Where, near the main, the mountain-barrier ends,

And

And in the deep embosom'd vale is lost.
 Thus, swelling to the steep, the flood afar
 Bursts in loud ruin o'er the central bar,
 And sends the deaf'ning din from coast to coast.

XVII.

The MANTUAN spoke, my ready hand unlac'd
 A length of cordage from my slacken'd waist,
 A cincture meant to weave the woodland snare,
 This MARO seiz'd, in many a volume bound,
 And flung it far, unravelling round and round,
 Yet still one end retain'd with cautious care.

XVIII.

The swift descending line his eye pursu'd,
 While deadly fear congeal'd my curdling blood,
 Pond'ring

Pond'ring the future scene with rising dread.

But all in vain I strove my fears to hide,

My rising fears the dauntless ROMAN spy'd,

And each unmanly thought by fancy bred.

XIX.

"A while, he cry'd, thy busy doubts suspend,

'Till from the central deep, the guard ascend;

Far, far below he sees the waving sign."

Now blush not, Muse! thy wonders to display

Tho' seeming fable taints the arduous lay,

'Tis MORAL TRUTH inspires the mighty line!

XX.

Now may the tuneful NINE my labours scorn,

And leave my song of ev'ry grace forlorn,

If aught but truth I sing.—A grievly form
 Soar'd from the deep on shadowy wing display'd,
 Doubling the horrors of th' eternal shade,
 And all my spirits rous'd in wild alarm.

XXI.

As when the anchor owns the loos'ning hand,
 And leaves, with gripe relax'd, the yielding sand,
 Struggling, the hardy failor mounts to day,
 With short, encumber'd stroke he ploughs the tide
 Behind, his lab'ring feet the voyage guide;
 So seem'd the Fiend to wing his dubious way.

END OF CANTO XVI.

CANTO

C A N T O XVII.

A R G U M E N T.

This Canto begins with an allegorical description of FRAUD, under the appearance of a monster appointed to carry the Poets down to the Gulf of Malebolge, or the regions of deceit. Before they begin their aerial Voyage, DANTE is directed to observe the Condition and Punishment of the USURERS, who are supposed to be punished with the rest of those who had been guilty of Violence against Nature.

C

"BE

Which

Thro'

See on

Shedd

While

C A N T O X V I I .

I.

"BEHOLD the * Monster shews her tortuous train
Which mines the wall, and over land, and main,
Thro' camps and courts extends her sov'reign sway,
See on her march what foul contagion waits,
Shedding her poison o'er a thousand states,
While countless tribes the present God obey."

* FRAUD.

II.

II.

Thus spoke my Guide, as to the gloomy steep
The flying Fiend incumbent on the deep
Pointed her course, on mighty pinions rais'd;
Now on the aerial cliff confest she stood,
The near contagion froze my curdling blood,
As on the wond'rous form intent I gaz'd.

III.

A faint-like face the latent Fiend conceal'd,
But the foul form her genuine race reveal'd,
Tho' half immers'd within the STYGIAN sound.
Thick sable plumes her shoulders broad array'd,
Her nether shape, a serpent train display'd,
In many a gorgeous volume roll'd around.

IV.

IV.

Not livelier tints employ'd the ASIAN loom,
 Nor HER's, who fell beneath MINERVA's doom,
 Than mark'd her speckled form, as on the strand
 Like some tall brigantine her bulk she moor'd,
 And seem'd to call our daring steps aboard,
 Waiting with proffer'd aid the Bard's command.

V.

As when DANUBIUS seeks the distain main,
 The bearer lurks to seize the scaly train,
 And meditates unseen the watry war ;
 With mortal terrors arm'd, her tail display'd
 Redundant o'er the deep, a waving shade,
 And seem'd to point our uncouth flight afar.

VI.

VI.

“Come on, exclaim’d the MANTUAN, thro’ the air,
 The Fiend is doom’d our welcome weight to bear,
 Haste to the right,”—my trembling feet obey’d.
 Ten paces scarce had mark’d the burning sand,
 When on the frontiers of the doleful strand
 A stationary band mine eyes survey’d.

VII.

When, thus my Guide, “to pass without a view,
 The meanest cohort of my sentenc’d crew
 Was not our purpose when we left the light.
 Go, learn the secrets of their doleful state,
 While with th’ attendant minister of fate,
 I plan our voyage thro’ the realms of night.”

VIII.

VIII.

Now winding thro' the tenements of woe,
 Along the shore with wand'ring steps and slow,
 Among their foremost bands I stray'd forlorn.
 Still on their heads the burning show'r descends ;
 In vain the busy hand, the Pest defends,
 Thro' their long files in flaming volumes borne.

IX.

At length the wretches sink beneath their toil ;
 But kindling all around, the torrid soil
 Denies their weary limbs the wish'd repose :
 Thus insect tribes in summer swarming round
 Invade the slumbers of the faithful hound,
 Whene'er his languid lids began to close.

X.

In vain I strove their lineaments to trace,
For Hell's dark vizor sat on ev'ry face,
And on each bending neck a badge was hung,
Where emblematic forms in flames array'd,
Of each the name and parentage display'd,
Illustrious names! yet ne'er by Poet sung.

XI.

Each on the pendent sign deploring gaz'd,
On either hand the fiery 'scutcheons blaz'd;
Here, gleaming azure o'er a golden field.
Far to the left was seen a * Lion-form,
In act to spring; and on another arm
A silver † Swan adorn'd a sanguine shield.

* The arms of the Gian Figliuzzi. † The arms of the Ubriachi.

XII.

XII.

Then one, whose mail display'd a † woodland Boar,
 Exclaim'd, " what Fiend to this disast'rous shore
 Ushers thy feet prophane?—away! away!
 Bid old ¶ VITALIAN leave the PADUAN strand:
 Tell him RINALDO on the burning sand
 Preserves a place † his honour'd limbs to lay.

XIII.

Then rose a melody of mortal sounds
 Exclaiming, " Welcome to those burning bounds,
 Welcome the plund'rer of the TUSCAN strand!
 Welcome § the triple-headed bird of prey!"
 Tho' swoln his tongue their leader scoffing lay
 In dire contortions on the burning sand.

† The arms of the Scrofegni, of Padua.

¶ Another noble Paduan, no less famous for usury.

† Viz. Vitalian's.

§ The arms of Buiamonte of Florence.

XIV.

My presence seem'd their sorrows to renew;
 Then, parting soon, I took a short adieu,
 Lest my delay the gentle Bard should tire.
 The Monster tam'd had felt his hardy hand,
 And stood obsequious to the high command,
 Bound with strong bridle to the rocky spire.

XV.

“ Fearless ascend, he cry'd, while I behind
 Support your tott'ring burden in the wind,
 And steer with faithful hand your airy flight.
 My other hand shall ward his tortuous train,
 Lest, as we voyage o'er the STYGIAN main,
 It chance to wound you in the gloom of night.”

XVI.

XVI.

As one, whose frame the *Quartan* Fiends invade,
 Shrinks at the quiv'ring of the Sylvan shade,
 My spirits funk to hear the summons dread ;
 But gen'rous shame my coward bosom warm'd,
 And MARO's sparkling eye my terrors charm'd ;
 Yet from my lips the power of utt'rance fled.

XVII.

With trembling feet I scal'd the Monster's side,
 And clung instinctive to my Roman Guide,
 Who cry'd, " GERONEO, soar with steady wing !
 No common hand the hardy voyage steers,
 Thy scaly sides no common burden bears,
 A messenger from Heav'ns immortal King !"

XVIII.

XVIII.

As the tall brigantine retiring flow,
 Turns to the beating main her bounding prow,
 Thus, pointing to the deep, his horrid head;
 Launch'd from the airy cliff the monster soars,
 And plies amain his broad expanded oars,
 While fast behind the rocky barrier fled.

XIX.

‡ As he whose hand mislaid the burning day,
 Saw from the point of noon with pale dismay

‡ Alludes to the story of Phaeton, who, the poets say, got the guidance of the Chariot of the Sun, and set the world on fire; and to the fate of Icarus, who being furnished by his father with wings, soared too near the sun, melted the wax that connected the plumage, and fell into the sea.

The world in ruins, and the skies on fire ;
 Or he who found his vaulted plumage fail,
 And fann'd the kindling air with shorten'd sail,
 Theme of long sorrow to his aged fire :

XX.

Thus ev'ry trembling limb with horror shook,
 When first the sailing Fiend the shore forsook,
 Shooting with level wing the gulph of Hell.
 On either hand retir'd the flaming waste,
 His fanning wings the sick'ning fervours chas'd,
 As o'er the deep he soar'd with easy sail.

XXI.

Far on the right the bellowing flood descends,
 Above the frowning rock for ever bends,

While

While with a solemn sound, the shriek of woe
 Rose mingling oft' and loud ;—Suspence I hung
 List'ning afar, the deep tumultuous throng,
 And mark'd the glimm'ring fires that rag'd below.

XXII.

Still winding to the left, we bent our flight,
 While, fast ascending o'er the face of night,
 Full many a stage of torture met mine eye,
 And many a penal realm, and burning zone ;
 At length GERONEO laid his burden down,
 And now we saw the central horrors nigh.

XXIII.

Reluctant thus her Lord the Faulcon hears,
 And wheeling round her airy voyage steers ;

Then

Then slowly lights at last in fullen pride.
 No less the Fiend his charge indignant bore,
 With joy we saw him spurn the hated shore,
 And like a PARTHIAN shaft the clouds divide.

END OF CANTO XVII.

Then slowly lights at last in sudden pride
 No less the wind the change significant
 With joy we saw him turn the hated shore
 And here PARTING: ~~last the child's bedside~~

END OF CANTO XVII
 ARGUMENT

The two arrival Travellers are depicted by G...
 as the verge of the eighth Circle, where
 department they are permitted to view the
 ment of PANDAR, led by CACERIN...
 noble VENETIAN; in another, they see
 of Seductress, and perjured lovers, led by
 and in a third, they find a Grove of
 among whom they distinguish the soul of
 an inhabitant of Lucca.

C A N T O XVIII.

A R G U M E N T.

The two aerial Travellers are deposited by GERONEO, on the verge of the eighth Circle, where in one department they are permitted to view the punishment of PANDARS, led by CACCIANIMICO, a noble VENETIAN; in another, they see a train of Seducers, and perjured Lovers, led by JASON; and in a third, they find a Crew of Parasites, among whom they distinguish the Soul of ALEXIO, an inhabitant of LUCCA.

C A N T O XVIII

HERE MAREBOGE (stands a vale profound,
Eternal battlements the walls surround,
And from afar their gloomy heights display
Across the deep they fling a livid stain.
And mark with funeral shade the tears of pain
Where ten CIMMERIAN gulphs divide the day

C A N T O XVIII.

I.

HERE MALEBOLGE spreads a vale profound,
 Eternal battlements the waste surround,
 And from afar their gloomy height display.
 Across the deep they fling a livid stain,
 And mark with fun'ral shade the seats of pain,
 Where ten CIMMERIAN gulphs divide the bay.

II.

II.

Long, lofty mounds divide her various face,
 Huge rocky theatres her skirts embrace,
 As stately rampires round the fortress winde,
 And many a bridge continued from the shore
 Turn'd their innumerable arches o'er
 The foaming flood, and at the centre join'd. †

III.

GERONEO here forfook his mortal freight,
 And MARO led along his trembling mate

† This part of the Infernal Regions, called Malebolge, we are to consider as an huge labyrinth, consisting of a number of amphitheatres, one within the other, divided by circular walls of adamant, of many leagues in circuit, and a series of arches, some broken, some whole, reaching from the outward circumference to the common centre, across the several gulphs confined within the walls, like the radii of a circle. On these bridges the Poets continue their march, and survey the gulph below; and their inhabitants, as they appear in succession.

Still

Still by the left-hand path, our destin'd way.
 But pass'd, not far, 'till list'ning low we heard
 New sounds, and lamentable sights appear'd
 Of fiends and mortals mix'd in horrid fray.

IV.

This way, and that, with headlong fury driv'n,
 In cross confusion ran the foes of Heav'n;
 While on the lofty bridge, a demon throng
 Wave o'er their naked limbs the bloody scourge,
 And with loud strains of ignominy urge
 Two different ways, the yelling croud along.

V.

As when at last the slow returning spring
 Is seen the far-fam'd * JUBILEE to bring,

Fast

* In the procession of the Jubile, the party that returned from St. Peter's, kept one side of the bridge of St. Angelo, and the company

Fast from the Capitol the living tide
 pouring triumphant pass the coming train,
 Who to the sacred summit mount amain,
 While Tyber sends the shout from side to side.

The scourge descends, the loud responsive yell
 Echo'd their shame around the vaults of Hell;
 As thro' the bloody ring they ran forlorn;
 Yet as they pass'd my penetrating eye,
 A well-known victim in the line could spy,
 Tho' stigmatiz'd with ev'ry mark of scorn.

that met them kept the other to prevent confusion, as the two parties
 of those who exercised them for themselves, crossed each other in the
 labyrinth of Malebolge.

VII.

The Poet saw my wish to turn again
 And hail the Ghost ; then called him from the train.
 Slowly, with downcast eyes, the spectre came.
 " That form * I cry'd, familiar to my sight,
 Tells, in *Bologna* once you saw the light
 Of noble birth, and not unknown to fame.

VIII.

Why are your members mark'd with shameful scar,
 Why, doom'd to run around the Stygian bar?"—

* A noble Venetian, who persuaded his sister, the greatest beauty of her time, to yield to the desires of the Marquis of Ferrara; pretending that the Marquis had given him a written promise of marriage.—He was liberally rewarded.

Sad he reply'd, " Thy gentle words command
 (Tho' hard my shame to tell) a due return;
 You see me doom'd a sister's shame to mourn,
 By me deliver'd to the spoiler's hand.

IX.

Nor singly did I leave the sinful clime;—
 Here other TUSCANS chant the dismal rhyme,
 Num'rous as they on fam'd Savanna's plain:
 Nor wonder when thy mindful soul recalls
 How Mammon reigns in our polluted walls,
 And binds whole legions in his golden chain."

X.

He ceas'd, the rod of vengeance wav'd on high,
 And the black Fiend appear'd insulting nigh.

" Pandar!

"Pandar! begone, he cry'd, thy tribe pursue,

No MARQUIS here thy frail disciple buys.

Swift at the word the screaming victim flies,

And gladly we forsook the shameful crew.

XI.

We quit the barrier and an arch we climb,

Which o'er the darksome valley hung sublime;

Then mounting, leave the battlements behind;

And on the summit pois'd, with wonder view,

Capacious to receive the flying crew

A gloomy gate of rocky fragments join'd.

XII.

"Now to the gulph direct thy sharpen'd fight,

The Mantuan cry'd, and mark the sons of night,

Before

Before they seem'd to shun thy curious eye
 And shew'd their rear, but now revolving round
 Their van returns, and marks the former ground,
 Sending before a loud, discordant cry.

XIII.

I look'd ;—a train † appear'd, unseen before,
 Alike their bands the bloody scourge deplore,
 And meet with counter-mark the pandar host.
 See, MARO cry'd, where JASON leads the van,
 See, struggling with his views the mighty main,
 Silent and stern, an unsubmitting Ghost.

† This is the tribe of seducers, and at their head Jason, the betrayer of Hypsipyle and Medea, who, when the women of Lemnos had conspired to murder all the men on the island, had saved her father, who revenged the wrongs of her sex by the death of his third spouse, Creusa.——See Euripides Medea, Apollonius Phodius. Ovid, L. 7.——His deportment here is finely contrasted to the rest.

Before they seem'd to turn thy curious eye
 And shew'd their tear, **XIV.** Now revolving round

Their van returns, and marks the former ground,
 By him the **COLCHIAN** mourn'd his pilfer'd ore,

By him the royal maid on Lemnos' shore,

Deplor'd her ruin'd fame, her trust betray'd.

Vain was her pious fraud, her mercy vain

That sav'd a father from the bloody train;

Her truth the perjur'd lover ill repaid.

Alike their hands the bloody scourge deplore,
 And meet with counter-mark the pandar host.

XV. See, MARO city, where Jason leads the van,

See, struggling with his views the mighty main

In vain the spouse the hand of justice fled,

His second mistress on the felon's head

With ample vengeance paid her sex's wrongs.

The Virgin Spoilers there, an odious race,

Follow their Chief, and fill the dismal chace,

That gulph to them with all its pains belongs.

XVI.

Now o'er another arch our footsteps found,
Striding in awful state, the dark profound :
High on the summit now we plant our feet.
Soon from below a long, reluctant groan,
Mix'd with vile sputt'rings, told a tribe unknown,
Half suffocated in their dark retreat.

XVII.

Now bending o'er the verge with sharpen'd fight,
We steal a glimpse thro' envious shades of night;
And see their struggling hands employ'd in vain
To cleanse the filth away, while fogs confin'd,
Still steaming up, the weary captives blind,
And mark the vault with ignominious stain.

XVIII.

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XVIII.

At length with ordure foul, and shame bespread,
 Emerging from the deep, an horrid head
 Shew'd the dim reliques of a noble race;
 Whether the province, sword, or peaceful gown,
 The church or camp he join'd, was all unknown,
 A mask so deep conceal'd his manly face,

XIX.

"Of this vile crew, with nameless plagues oppress'd,
 What leads thine eye to me from all the rest?"
 He spoke, I answer'd, in more seemly guise,
 "I saw thee once in sweet Hesperia's clime,
 Where antient Lucca rears her wall sublime,
 Whose noblest blood thine antient name supplies.

XX.

XX.

“ Too well those hated lineaments disclose
 § ALEXIO's name, and well-deserved woes,
 He said, and smote his face with frantic cry.
 To flatt'ry's note I tun'd my servile tongue,
 With unearn'd wreaths, the worthless head I
 hung;

Now other cares my weary hand employ.

XXI.

“ Behold that loathsome ¶ form, the Guide ex-
 claim'd,—
 Who ever seems employ'd in rites unnam'd;

§ A noted Parasite of those times.

¶ The famous Courtezán of Corinth,

Now

Now lurking low, and now erect she stands.
 Yon' shape deform and foul polluted brow,
 Thro' Greece of old inspir'd the am'rous vow,
 And titled slaves obey'd her proud commands."

END OF CANTO XVIII.

Now looking low, and now erect the hands.

For shape certain and form polluted grow,

These Carve of old inspired the sacred row.

C A N T O
XIX

A R G U M E N T.

END OF CANTO XVIII.

In the third Circle of Malice, the Poet next
vies at the Gate of Sinony, where they find
the soul of Pope Nicholas the Third, and
from him the nature of the punishment of Malice
and his followers; thence another is taken to
weigh against the Corruption of Ecclesiastics
Ecclesiastical.

C A N T O XIX.

A R G U M E N T.

In the third Circle of Malebolge, the Poets next arrive at the GULF OF SIMONY, where they find the soul of Pope Nicholas the Third, and learn from him the nature of the punishment of MAGUS and his Followers; thence occasion is taken to inveigh against the Corruptions of Ecclesiastical Election.

C A N T O XIX
A R G U M E N T

In the third Circle of Misery, the Poet next
the third Circle of Sinners, where they find
the soul of Peter Dantes the Poet, and learn
from him the nature of the punishment of Man
and his misery; then comes a letter to
O H O M A R U S, who led the Poet to
With gold the shallow Province to provide
And tempt the wandering poor of God to
Your deadly station claims a happier day
High o'er your frontier hangs the lofty way
And sees below your hoard set begin

CANTO XIX.

I.

OH! MAGUS, tell, what led thy fordid train,
 With gold the Hallow'd Province * to profane,
 And tempt the wand'ring spouse of God to sin?
 Your deadly station claims a harsher lay;
 High o'er your frontier hangs the lofty way,
 And sees below your horrid lot begin.

* The Church.

II.

Now o'er the second vale sublime we hung;
 Oh! heav'nly wisdom! what immortal tongue
 Can sing thy triumphs in the flaming deep.
 Thy triumphs, not to earth and Heav'n confin'd,
 For millions here thy mighty angels bind,
 And countless tribes thy penal sentence weep.

III.

In num'rous crannies part the shelving sides,
 And many a chasm the gloomy vale divides;
 Like those baptismal † fonts that range around
 The sacred floor, where JOHN of PATMOS reigns,
 Where late a life repaid my pious pains,
 A life well purchas'd, tho' with stand'rous wound.

† The cells of the Simonists Dante compares to the baptismal fonts the church of the Baptists at Florence; which, while he was Prior,

IV.

Each to the middle plung'd, a victim held,
 The bust was hid! the burning limbs reveal'd;
 Convulsive still they dance, to rest unknown,
 For ever shifting round, the meteors glow,
 The hanging head surveys the lake below,
 And upward sends the long reluctant groan.

V.

As the young blaze with unctuous fuel fed
 Flames more intense, and lifts a bolder head;

he had ordered to be broken up, as one of his friends had been there in danger of drowning.—This brought new standards on him from the opposite faction.

So

So seem'd their quiv'ring limbs around to burn:

" Say, who is he, I cry'd, whose feet sublime,

With fiery circles marks the dismal clime,

Conspicuous far among the tribes forlorn?"

VI.

" Wouldst thou be wafted to a nearer stand,

And from himself his name and crimes demand?

My prompt obedience waits upon thy word;—

Thy will determines mine:—" Submits I said,

And following to the verge the MANTUAN shade,

Survey'd in ampler view the scene abhorr'd.

VII.

Then down the steep the hardy ROMAN bore

My mortal weight, and reach'd the shelving shore;

Where

Where overhead the frowning arches meet.
 Amid furrounding fires aghast I stood,
 And saw with ten-fold rage the dance renew'd,
 Light'ning the region round with twinkling feet.

VIII.

" Say thou, I cry'd, whose limbs suspended high,
 Like flaming meteors mark the nether sky;
 What horrid cause thy burning bust conceals?"
 As a Confessor list'ning long I stood,
 While the pale wretch protracts the tale of blood,
 And from the falling axe a moment steals.

IX.

" Shame of the Papal Chair! and art thou come,
 Hollow and dismal from the fiery tomb,

He

He cried—a later doom the Prophet told—
But, come, † Seducer of the spouse of God,
Who rul'd the christian world with iron rod,
Come! thine eternal revenues behold!”

X.

As one, that hears the undistinguish'd sound
Of foul reproach his quick sensations wound,
Struck with the sad salute, amaz'd I stood!
“ Explain, the Mantuan cry'd, his fond mistake,
No dire successor seeks the burning lake,
With other views you pass'd the penal flood.”

† This was the spirit of Pope Nicholas the third, of the family of Orfini, a great Simonist.—He addresses Dante in this extraordinary manner, thinking him the spirit of Boniface the eighth, sent to take his place.—In the third line he alludes to a certain prophecy of the duration of Boniface's reign.—For an Account of Boniface, see Canto 29.—He is said to have laid the plot of the Sicilian Vespers, to revenge an affront put upon him by Charles of Anjou.—See Florentine Hist. annexed.

XI.

XI.

Prompt I obey'd, the troubled spirit heard,
 And fiercer signs of doubled pain appear'd.
 " Ah! why delude a tortur'd soul! he cry'd;
 But if a strong desire my doom to know,
 Led your advent'rous feet so far below,
 Know, late I reign'd o'er ROME in mitred pride;

XII.

" ORSINI claims my blood—illustrious name!
 To raise HER honours thus I sunk to shame;
 Unfriended, and unwept, but not alone:
 Many a proud prelate learns below to weep,
 Above the fatal pass I'm doom'd to keep,
 'Till BONIFACE forsakes the hallow'd throne.

XIII.

I fondly thought my proud successor come,
 Sent to supplant me in the fiery tomb ;
 Your salutation caus'd the sad mistake.
 Fated alas ! a longer time to weep,
 And view with straining eye the nether deep,
 Than He, for soon he seeks the STYGIAN lake.

XIV.

Soon haughty * BONIFACE his Vigil ends,
 And CLEMENT here with flaming feet descends.

* Boniface reigned only eight years ; Benedict, his successor, only eleven months. Then by the intrigues of the French Cardinals, Raymond le Got, Bishop of Bourdeaux, was chosen, who took the name of Clement the fifth, at the instigation of Philip the fair, King of France ; who made several conditions with him before his election, none of which Clement observed. He is said to have translated the Papal See to Avignon, in order to carry on an amour with the Countess of Foix.

A darker soul! the painful seat to claim,
 As † JASON gain'd of old the Syrian Lord,
 The Gallic Chief he plies with arts abhorr'd,
 And soon the holy mantle hides his shame."

He ceas'd, my fervent zeal o'ercame my fear,
 And thus th' usurper of the hallow'd chair
 In scorn I question'd, " Say, when JESUS grac'd
 The humble Fisher with the high command,
 Did shining gold pollute his holy hand?
 " FOLLOW MY FOOTSTEPS," was his sole request.

† The brother of Onias, the High Priest of the Jews.—He bought the High Priesthood for a large sum of money from Antiochus, (who then possessed Jerusalem) deposed his brother, and introduced idolatrous rites into the temple.

XVI.

Or from his station when ISCARIOT fell,
 Did PETER's voice the chosen Saint compel
 To buy the empty seat for sums of gold?—
 Now bid the Monarch dread his mitred foe;
 Go, boast thy treasures to the Fiends below,
 And how thy wolves destroy'd the hallow'd fold.

XVII.

And tho' the sanction of ORSINI's name
 Thy sacred office, and thy lineal fame
 Forbids my tongue to use an harsher strain,
 Yet ever be thy caitiff-soul pursu'd,
 With the strong satire of the just and good,
 Long, long oppress beneath thy hated reign.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Those sordid scenes the man of PATMOS saw,
 When he beheld the foul enchantress draw
 The royal train to wear her bonds abhorr'd,
 With rapture on her lying charms to dwell,
 And on her brow adore the stamp of Hell,
 That brow, rebellious to her lawful Lord.

XIX.

Go, seek your Saviour in the delved mine,
 And bid th' Idolater the palm resign;
 Thine is a Legion, his a single God!—
 Lamented ever be that lib'ral hand,
 Whose gifts ¶ allur'd the APOSTOLIC band
 To leave that humble path where long they trod."

¶ The pretended donation of Constantine to the Church.---See Flo-
 rentine History annexed.

XX.

XX.

I spoke—and whether grief sublim'd his pain,
 Or conscience stung his soul, or high disdain ;
 His feet with tenfold haste the dance renew'd,
 List'ning with fix'd delight, the Mantuan Bard,
 Silent awhile my strong invective heard,
 And fondly came, and seiz'd me where I stood.

XXI.

Pleas'd with my zeal, the friendly Bard embrac'd,
 And to his heart with warmer rapture prest
 His filial charge, than e'er I felt before.
 Then to another bridge that o'er the deep
 Led us still onward, to the central steep ;
 My weight with Angel-arm the Poet bore.

XXII.

XXII.

The bending arch with high pontific pride
 O'erhung the gloomy gulph from side to side;
 The Mantuan there his cumbrous load resign'd,
 Then winding up the ridge our fearful way,
 Where even the mountain kid would fear to stray,
 Another vale we saw to guilt assign'd.

END OF CANTO XIX.

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The leading arch with high pointed piers
between the piers and from the side;
The piers are of the same height and width
and are of the same height and width
and are of the same height and width
and are of the same height and width

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C A N T O XX.

I.

PIERIAN Maids! a deeper tract survey,
Far other objects claim the arduous lay,
Successive seen in Hell's *Cimmerian* gloom.
As from the frowning arch, with sharpen'd sight,
I look'd attentive thro' the waste of Night,
And mark'd the various tenants of the tomb;

II.

Soon, from the hideous womb of Night reveal'd,
 Another troop my wond'ring eyes beheld;
 Circling the dismal vault, demure and slow,
 Their motly bands in measur'd march advance,
 And form with stately step the solemn dance,
 Nor groan, nor weak complaint betrays their woe.

III.

As to some Temple moves the suppliant train,
 So march'd the mourners round the seat of pain;
 With tortuous neck and sad reverted face;
 Their wondring eyes survey their shoulders broad,
 Their faltering feet pursue the gloomy road,
 And tread the round with retrogressive pace.

IV.

IV.

The Palsy thus the feeble victim tries,
 And horrid spasms the tortur'd shape disguise,
 Distort the limbs, and change the human form.
 Ye that attend the tenour of my song,
 Judge, if unmov'd I saw the silent throng
 Of God's fair image spoil'd, a monstrous swarm.

V.

Their lab'ring reins the falling tear bedew'd,
 Deep struck with sympathetic woe I stood,
 'Till thus the Bard my slumb'ring reason woke:—
 "Dar'st thou the sentence of thy God arraign?
 Or with presumptuous tears his doom profane?
 Say, can thy tears his righteous doom revoke?"

VI.

Raise thy dejected look ; for lo ! afar,
 The Prophet comes, that 'mid the mingling war
 Engulph'd, with living eye, the shades beheld."
 " Why does the Victor leave the scene of blood,
 (The Thebans cry'd) as down the steep he rode
 To MINOS' seat, a breathing soul *, compell'd.

VII.

Presumptuous Chief ! he search'd the womb of Time,
 And rais'd his impious eye to heights sublime :

* Ampharaus, one of the Seven Captains who warred against Thebes. He foresaw that he would not survive the war, and endeavoured to conceal himself from the confederates : but his wife, being bribed by a golden bracelet, given her by Argia, wife to Polynices, shewed the place of his concealment ; for which piece of perfidy he left orders to his son Alcmeon to revenge his death, went to the siege in a fit of despair, and is said to have been swallowed up by an earthquake. See Euripides Phœnissa, Statius Thebaid. L. 7. sub fin.

Now Fate has turn'd his impious eyes behind;
See where, with step averse, the shade appears!—
TIRESIAS *, bending with a weight of years,
Attends his country's foe, in penance join'd.

VIII.

His charmed rod the mingling serpents struck,
And soon the heav'n-taught Sage his sex forlook;
Another stroke the manly sex renew'd.
Old ARUNS † shews behind his faded form,
Whose tomb on high CARRARA meets the storm,
And proudly overlooks the Tuscan flood.

* The celebrated Prophet of Thebes, who, according to fabulous history, was part of his life a man, and part woman.

† A Tuscan sugar, mentioned by Lucan, in his Pharsalia.

IX.

There, on the topmost cliffs, his mansion stood;
 From thence the planetary dance he view'd;
 The peopled shores, and tributary main:
 See MANTO * next, by many a Poet sung,
 Her flowing tresses o'er her bosom hung,
 In deep despondence joins the mournful train.

X.

From ruin'd THEBES, by lawless arms expell'd,
 Fair *Mincio's* strand her latest scene beheld,

* The daughter of Tiresias, and supposed to be the foundress of Mantua, when Creon, brother-in-law to Oedipus, succeeded to the Crown of Thebes, after the rival kings had fallen by mutual wounds. See Æschylus Thebes, Sophocles Antigone, &c.

Where first I learnt to build the lofty rhyme,
 When her old father felt the stroke of fate,
 And *Creon's* arms enslav'd the Theban state,
 The Prophets forsook her native clime.

XI.

Then, where the Alpine hills, in tow'ring pride,
 An hundred states behold, on either side;
 Here bleak *Germania*, there the *Latian* plains,
 She found a place, where old *Benaco* roars;
 Then, fed by many a flood, o'erlooks his shores,
 And fills the valley like the surging main.

XII.

Garda, the *Canon's Vale*, and *Appennine*,
 With triple mound the foaming flood confine,

And

And in the middle, where their borders meet,
 A limitary fort, *Bisbiera*, stands,
 And rules with sov'reign sway the frontier lands,
 Where, sunk by time, the shelving banks retreat.

XIII.

There the proud waters scorn their antient bounds,
 And burst away, and flood the fertile grounds:
 Fair *Mincio* there begins his mighty course,
 And from the swelling tide its wealth receives;
 Then sweeps th' adjacent plain with broader waves,
 And winds at leisure round *Governo's* shores.

XIV.

At length her subject streams in *Padus* lost,
 Obscure, and nameless, seek the *Adrian* coast;
 Yet,

Yet, ere its tribute swells the sov'reign tide,
 A spacious valley checks its headlong haste,
 And brown it spreads a fullen watry waste,
 Filling with noxious steams the airy void.

XV.

'Twas here embosom'd in the circling deep,
 Where dreary fogs unfann'd for ever sleep;
 A desert isle the sad Enchantress found;
 Where, wrapt in tenfold night, the Hag profane
 Her arts employ'd, and rul'd the subject train;
 And MANTO's name yet marks the gloomy ground.

XVI.

But Freedom chose at length the sacred seat,
 And found her favour'd sons a safe retreat;

By

By many a marsh and sounding flood secur'd ;
 Succeeding ages saw her numbers swell,
 And spread their fame till CASALODI * fell
 To meet his doom by *Pinamont* allur'd.

XVII.

Thus *Mantua* rose amid the circling wave,
 Let no invented tale thine ear deceive."
 "Thy record with their tales compar'd (I said)
 Like orient gems to dying embers show,
 But other visions fill the vale below.
 Come, gentle Bard! and name the passing Dead."

* The first Tyrant of Mantua. He, by the persuasion of Pinamont, extirpated all the nobility; which, when he had effected, Pinamont joined the popular party, betrayed the counsels of Alberto, and raised a civil war in Mantua, which ended in the destruction of the Tyrant.

XVIII.

“ Yon venerable Sage *, whose beard descends,
 And o’er his back an hoary shade extends,
 When *Greece* her millions pour’d on *Aulis*’ coast,
 And angry *Dian* charm’d the sleeping wave,
 With *Calchas* join’d, the bloody counsel gave,
 Which wafted o’er to *Troy* the mighty Host,

XIX.

Still lives his name in *Homer*’s lofty song,
 To thee best known the *Latian* bards among.

* *Euryphylus* the Augur, who, ’tis said, when the Greeks were wind-bound at *Aulis*, counsell’d the sacrifice of *Iphigenia*, to appease the anger of *Diana* and procure a fair wind. See *Euripides*, *Iphigenia in Aulide*.

See MICHAEL SCOT, for magic arts renown'd *,
 Measures in garb succinct the mighty maze.
 With fault'ring steps behind BONATTI strays,
 And last ASDENTE † sweeps the circle round,

XX.

Far, far behind appears the Beldame Train,
 Who chang'd MINERVA's arts for viler gain,
 And left the humble distaff, and the loom :
 But now the moon full-orb'd, with shadowy face,
 At *Seville* ends her long, nocturnal race,
 And op'ning day dispels the mighty gloom.

* A famous Astrologer and supposed Magician of the 13th century; he is said to have predicted the death of Frederic the Second.

† *Bonatti* and *Asdente*, two Italian Astrologers of the same period.—The Great Men of that age never undertook any thing of consequence without consulting an Astrologer.

XXI.

Last night she fill'd her horns and chas'd the night ;
That silver crescent, whose benignant light
Show'd thro' the baleful grove your dubious way ;
Now full oppos'd to Phœbus' eastern car,
Soon as she spies his mounting steeds afar,
She sinks obedient to the coming day.

END OF CANTO XX.

C A N T O X X I .

A R G U M E N T .

Proceeding over another Bridge, the Poets see below the Department of BARATRY, where the State-Simonists, or they who were guilty of selling Offices, or making traffic of Justice, are confined. On the arrival of a new Criminal, a Native of LUCCA, they learn several particulars relating to their Punishment.

CHAPTER XVII

The first thing I saw when I awoke was the light of day. I had been lying down for some time, and I felt a sense of relief. The air was fresh and the sun was shining. I looked up and saw the sky. It was a beautiful blue. I felt a sense of peace. I had been through a long and hard day, and I was finally at home. I felt a sense of accomplishment. I had done it. I had survived. I was safe. I was home.

C A N T O XXI.

L

TH' infernal bugle blew, the march began,
I saw the Demons form the gloomy van,
And sweep the rocky verge in long array.
Thus have I seen on fam'd AREZZO's plain,
The clarion's note awake the gallant train
To martial deeds, on some distinguish'd day.

II.

Thro' vaulted Hell the moody music rung;
 Not the loud trump that wakes the martial throng,
 Nor the fell-cannon's deep displosive sound,
 Nor sailor's pipe that hails the boreal fear,
 Or shrill salutes the Foreland seen afar,
 Like that loud strain the hearing seem'd to wound.

III.

Guarded with Fiends, we sped our darksome way,
 And high suspended o'er the stormy bay,
 My startled eye the boiling surge explores.
 Impatient of the plague, the toiling train
 Emerge, and quick as light'ning, plunge again,
 Or seek in panting tribes the neighb'ring shores.

IV.

IV.

While yet the scene my fixt attention held,
 Sudden the Bard my hasty feet compell'd
 To leave the gloomy verge.—“ Behold! he cries,
 I rais'd my startled eye, reluctant, flow,
 As one whom fate compels to meet his foe,
 Attends with fault'ring feet, and downcast eyes.

V.

When lo! conspicuous thro' the horrid clime,
 A Son of Darknes o'er the bridge sublime
 Advanc'd with flying speed, and eyes of flame.
 Ah! how his Gorgon look my bosom chill'd,
 As high suspended o'er the floating field,
 On dragon wing the black Pursuivant came!

VI.

VI.

New to the horrors of the nether sky,
A living load furcharg'd his shoulders high,
With fetter'd limbs and head depending low;
Fast by the feet he held the sentenc'd man,
And thus aloft his cruel charge began:
To the dark centinels that watch'd below.

VII.

“ Come ! seize your prey, ye ministers of pain !
For yet in LUCCA's bounds a num'rous train
Pant for the voyage, and my guidance wait.
Prone to State-Simony, a fordid tribe,
¶ BONTURO singly scorns the golden bribe,
Nor sells the honours of his parent state.”

¶ Spoken ironically, he being the most corrupt magistrate in Italy.

VIII.

VIII.

He flung his burden down, and instant fled
 Along the bending arch with tyger tread,
 As from his chain dismiss'd, the hardy hound
 Pursues the thief, sagacious thro' the gloom,
 Meantime his brethren seal the victim's doom,
 And hurl him screaming to the gulph profound.

IX.

Emerging slow, he sought the nearer coast,
 His features in a pitchy vizard lost.
 "Back to the boiling deep, the Demons cry'd,
 No † VERONICA hears her sons to save.
 Go with the cool delights of SERCHIO's wave,
 Compare the tumults of the fiery tide.

X.

† Or St. Suaire; i. e. St. Napkin, the Handkerchief of St. Veronica, which she is said to have given to our Saviour, as he was going

X.

Hence! or those barbed hooks thy limbs arrest ;"
 Reluctant, flow, retir'd the soul unblest:
 But the dire anglers seiz'd and plung'd amain
 The tardy wretch,—“ And now, they cry'd, explore
 The depths, and crown thy toils with golden ore,
 Or join the dismal dance with yonder train.”

XI.

The victim sunk, and high the billows rose,
 As when the flame around the cauldron glows ;

to his Crucifixion, to wipe his face, and to have received it back with a lively impression of his countenance upon it. This relique was then kept at Lucca, but now at Rome, where it is shewn with great pomp every Good Friday. I since learn it was a double handkerchief, and that a double impression was made ; consequently there is one at each place.—To this the Demon ironically alludes.

High

High o'er the verge the fummy surges swell;
 In eddies borne, the quarter'd limbs ascend.
 With eager prongs the brawny slaves attend,
 And, down by turns the floating mass compel.

XII.

“ Here, said the Bard, beneath this rocky mound
 Hide thee awhile, lest yonder fiends surround,
 And with untimely challenge cause delay.
 Nor dread the foe, tho' seeming fate impend,
 This hand has learnt the danger to defend,
 And hold the Denizens of Hell at bay.”

XIII.

He spoke, and mark'd the place, and sped along,
 The Demons saw, and fast around him throng.

With

With level'd spears, and many an uncouth yell,
The dauntless Poet wav'd his magic hand,
"Retire, he cry'd, your headlong rage command,
No bold intruder views the bounds of Hell.

XIV.

Or if you mean to try the force of fate,
Detach at least some chosen delegate,
To learn my motives ere the battle rage."
The vagrant thus asserts the public way;
His brandish'd truncheon keeps the curs at bay,
Aloof the clam'rous tribe the combat wage.

XV.

"Go, MALACODA! haste, the fiends exclaim,
And instant learn the daring felon's name.

Why

Why thus delay his doom, the Demon cry'd,
And murmur'ing fled—prepar'd the Mantuan flood,
And with stern eye the Stygian courier view'd;
Then fearless, thus began my awful guide:

XVI.

“Thro’ these sad bounds to stray, and stray secure,
Where fiery gulphs descend, and rocks immure,
Say, Demons—seems it less than Heav’n’s command?
Commission’d thence, a Mortal’s steps I lead.
Heav’n wills, and op’ning Hell approves the deed,
And dare yon’ fable Chief his will withstand?”—

XVII.

Down at his feet the fiery Trident fell,
And to his mates he cry’d with uncouth yell;

“Ye

“Ye Sons of Hades, bid your fury cease!”—

“Come from your secret cell, the Mantuan cries,
Before us now uninterrupted lies
The steep descent, and all around is peace.

XVIII.

I heard, and straight obey'd the pious Bard,
The Demons hemm'd me round—a grievly guard,
Reluctant yet, and burning for their prey.
Thus, circled round with death, the captive band
At old CAPRONA fear'd the conquering hand,*
Tho' strong engagements held the foe at bay.

* Alludes to the taking of Pisa, by Count Guido Novello, who sent his prisoners in irons to Lucca, lest the common people should kill them.——Villarie, Lib. 7.

XIX.

stant they wheel around, an hideous swarm,
And guide us on our way ;—with wild alarm
Half rais'd, my trembling eye their shapes survey'd ;
While the dread whisper stole in murmurs round :
“ Come, let the Mortal feel the fiery wound,”
But soon the Chieftain's eye their rage allay'd.

XX.

When thus the leader of the Stygian guard :
“ Behold yon' rocks that seem by thunder marr'd,
Whose rifled ruins cross the public path.
Twelve hundred circles of the sun are past,
Since dire destruction trod the hideous waste,
And left those signs of monumental wrath.

XXI,

XXI.

That breach will stop your way—but winde around,
 Still further on another bridge is found,
 Which leads you gently on the further shore,
 A trusty guard attends, nor thou disdain
 The proffer'd service of the fable train.
 Go! Sons of Erebus!—the path explore!—

XXII.

Thou CALCABRINA, point the dubious way,
 While sage CAGNAZZO forms the long array,
 And BARBARICCA leads the sinless pair.
 With him the might of DRAGHINAZZO join,
 And LIBICO with ALICHIN combine,
 And thou, bold RUBICAN, the standard bear.

XXIII.

XXIII.

Let GRAFFICAN with angel eye survey
Aloft from shore to shore, the dusky bay;
And FARFAREL on high with shadowy wings,
Shall tend the tossings of yon fiery wave,
When any soul presumes his foe to brave,
Or dares aloud his baleful dirge to sing.

XXIV.

Safe to the second arch your travellers guide!"
"Oh! let us go alone! I trembling cry'd;
Oh, MARO! is thy fated pow'r expir'd?
See how they gnash their teeth and scowl afar,
Save thy frail suppliant from th' unequal war,
Lest they forget their charge, with frenzy fir'd."

XXV.

XXV.

Trembling I spoke, and thus the Bard dispell'd
 My rising fear.—“ The struggling victims held
 In yon' bituminous deep inflame their rage.”
 He ceas'd, the fable Chief displays the sign,
 The banded Fiends in close battalion join,
 And loud Æolian fifes their fury 'suage.

END OF CANTO XXI.

C A N T O XXII.

A R G U M E N T.

The Poets, under the Guard of the MALEBOLGIAN Band, continue their March round the Borders of the Gulph of BARATRY.—From the Soul of a Spaniard, who had stolen a Respite from his Torments, they learn the Names of several of his Companions.—The Demons that guard MALEBOLGE, sentence him to a severe Punishment for leaving his Dungeon, but he escapes by a Stratagem.

BOOK OF THE

OF THE

Still many a burning in the soul
and still the Master of the House
With shames forgotten now, my labour
Till other strains of woe our converse break
Where Marston's fell in eternal yoke
And far below in gloomy pride appear

CANTO

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C A N T O XXII.

I.

STILL many a bending arch prolong'd our way,
And still the Master of the ROMAN LAY
With themes forgotten now, my labours chear'd.
'Till other strains of woe our converse broke,
Where MALEBOLGE felt th' eternal yoke,
And far below in gloomy pride appear'd.

II.

As where Old Venice hoards her naval store,
 Deep rang'd around, the pitchy cauldrons roar,
 And busy hands the boiling mass divide.
 Some bid the wave-worn barque her way pursue,
 Some caulk the sides, and some the sails renew,
 Or plant the tap'ring mast in stately pride

III.

Thus boil'd the gulph by heav'nly rage sublim'd,
 The black bituminous surge alternate climb'd
 The steep, repulsive shore, and slow return'd;
 Deep in her bosom lay her tribes conceal'd,
 Tho' oft' the dark-wing'd storm her depths reveal'd,
 And dashing wide her peopled billows burn'd.

IV.

IV.

Sagacious of a storm, the Dolphin train
 Thus gambol round, and tempest all the main,
 The seaman marks the sign, and furls the sail:
 Or thus in fable files the croaking race
 Emerge to breathe, and shew the formless face,
 While hid below, their active members trail.

V.

Gasping awhile the sad deserters stood;
 Then, when aloft the flying foe they view'd,
 Thick, thick they plunge amid the flashing wave;
 And deep engulph'd, declin'd th' unequal war.
 Yet one bold wretch the Demons spy'd afar,
 Who seem'd the malice of his foes to brave.

VI.

VI.

But **GRAFFICANO** clove the yielding air,
 And, swift descending, by the tangled hair,
 All careless as he lay, the sinner took.
 The cautious angler thus with skilful hand
 And barbed hook, solicits to the strand
 The scaly tenant of the limpid brook.

VII.

By converse long I learnt their leaders names.
 "Haste, **RUBICAN!** the Master Fiend exclaims,
 And let the victim feel the fiery prong."
 "Oh! learn at least the wretch's name, I cry'd,
 Yet ere they plunge him in the burning tide."—
 And thus the Master of the **ROMAN** Song:

VIII.

VIII.

“ Tell whence thou art, while yet 'tis giv'n to tell.”
 With fault'ring voice the Denizen of Hell
 Reply'd, “ To fam'd NAVARRE my birth I owe :
 Curs'd be the Sire, that left, despoil'd and bare,
 His wretched Son, and curs'd the Mother's care,
 Who bade my tender years a master know !

IX.

Blest with my Sov'reign's love and royal trust,
 Both I abus'd, impell'd by sordid lust
 Of baneful gold, his sacred gifts to sell.
 Now see my gains.”—While thus he mourn'd his lot,
 Ciritto's fangs the shrieking sinner caught,
 And fast around him throng'd the Band of Hell.*

X.

* This criminal's name was Gian Polo, he was of a good family, but his father having spent his fortune, his mother placed him as a

X.

“ This fiery trident first impales his fame,
 The Chieftain cry'd, avaunt ! ye sons of flame ! ”
 Then turning to the Bard in milder mood,
 “ Now question while you may ; for fate impends :
 See ! on his limbs the Stygian prong descends,
 Haste, ere my brethren quaff his streaming blood.”

page, with a baron of the Court of Navarre, who took such care of his education, that he rose to the first honours of the state. But, in a short time he disgraced his character by the most shameful bribery and sale of offices.—His sovereign was the famous Thebaut, Count of Champagne, to whom the kingdom of Navarre came by marriage.—He was a great encourager of the Provençal Poets, and some of his own verses are still extant.—He is said to be the first that wrote in octavo rhyme ; but he is most known in his amours with Blanch, of Castile, whose marriage with Lewis (afterwards Lewis VIII.) by the mediation of John, King of England, induced Philip Augustus to relinquish the cause of young Arthur.—See Shakspeare's King John.—Thebaut's Verses to her are still preserved.—She was Regent in the minority of her son Lewis IX. or St. Lewis, the famous Crusader. Her other son, Charles of Anjou, conquered Sicily, beheaded Conradin, the right heir, and laid the foundation of the French title to that kingdom.—See *Mémoires de Pétrarque*, Vol. I. Florentine Hist. annexed.

XI.

XI.

The Bard obey'd—and "Son of woe, he cry'd,
Does any TUSCAN swim the boiling tide?"—
Then faint and fault'ring, thus the gory shade:—
"Oh! had I staid with the Sardinian Ghost,
In yonder gulph, and shun'd the dreadful coast,
I should not thus have mourn'd, to shame betray'd."

XII.

"Too much too much my struggling rage has borne,"
SIBICCO cry'd, and tore the wretch forlorn,
Then flung the victim to his brother Fiends.
The Fiends receiv'd the charge with savage joy,
And mark'd his mangled limbs, and hurl'd him high,
Down on their pointed prongs the slave descends.

XIII.

XIII.

They paus'd awhile, the Mantuan cry'd aloud,
 " Oh! name that soul among the mourning croud,
 Whom late you left in yonder floods behind ;"
 The bloody spectre thus :—" GOMITA * there,
 Who let his Sov'reign's foe escape the snare,
 Laments among the burning waves confin'd.

XIV.

The † next his master's bride in triumph led,
 And with GOMITA shares the burning bed

* A Sardinian, who when that island belonged to the Pisans, was made governor of the jurisdiction of Gullura ; his bribery and sale of justice was long unknown to Nino, Count of Pisa, till his suffering some state prisoners to escape, and the detection of the reward he received for his connivance, discovered his real character.

† Michael Zanche, Seneschal of Logodoro, under Henry or Enzo, natural son to Frederic II. where he amassed a princely fortune by the sale

For brib'ry fam'd alike, and honours sold ;
 Now both below their native tongue prophane,
 And count with scalding tears their golden gain,
 Around the flaming gulph for ever roll'd.

XV.

But, oh ! if deadlier tales attract your ear,
 If names still more renown'd you long to hear,
 Save, save your suppliant from the lifted prong !"
 He spoke—on high the cruel steel impends,
 The Chieftain turns ;—and ere the stroke descends,
 His potent voice repell'd the savage throng.

sale of justice.—He is said to have poisoned his Lord, and prevailed upon his mother, (to whom Frederic had given the Signory of Logodoro, after her son's death) to marry him.

XVI.

XVI.

“ Command thy Slave, the trembling Spaniard said,
 And many a Lombard foul by me betray’d,
 With many a Tuscan Lord shall rise to view.
 The wonted signal* giv’n, in shoals they come,
 To breathe the lib’ral air, and mourn their doom;
 Consent, and seize at once the abject crew.”

XVII.

“ Observe the Spaniard’s aim, CAGNAZZO cries;
 Dark o’er his brow the snaky horrors rise.
 Already see! he meditates his flight!
 The shudd’ring wretch reply’d, “escape is vain,
 I only hope to see them share my pain,
 And ease my sorrows with the welcome sight.”

* The signal of their tormentor’s absence.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Glad ALICINO thus the soul address'd:—
 “ Blow the loud signal, slave! and call the rest!
 While closely couch'd we lurk behind the steep,
 Then, if thou dar'st, our sov'reign trust betray;
 For ere thy head can touch the boiling bay,
 This barbed hook shall drag thee from the deep.

XIX.

Now learn a Stygian wile!—the watchful crew,
 With sharpen'd sight the coming legions view,
 Expectant of their prey; but watch in vain;
 The wily SPANIARD soon the moment seiz'd,
 And sudden springing from the guard amaz'd,
 Exulting plung'd amid the burning main.

XX.

Mourning their loss, the grim battalion stood ;
 Stern ALICHINO first the chace renew'd,
 " Mine was the fault, he cry'd, the loss be mine."
 But vain his shadowy wing, and angel eye,
 In vain his brethren bold their pinions ply,
 And scour the deep, or the long rampire's line.

XXI.

Thus dives the Mallard underneath the flood,
 By the fleet Faulcon on the lake purfu'd,
 Baffled the bird ascends, and seeks her Lord :
 But CALCABRINA soon renews the chace,
 With full intent to 'venge the deep disgrace,
 On him † whose negligence the wretch restor'd.

† Alichino, his brother fiend, who had permitted the victim to escape.

XXII.

XXII.

Stern ALICHINO still the tempest rode,
His rival Fiend with indignation glow'd,
And chas'd his brother fiend to wreak his spite.
And now the wily Spaniard disappear'd,
When ALICHIN his stern pursuer heard,
Breathing destruction thro' the gloom of night.

XXIII.

Above the tumult of the main they meet,
And, breast to breast, with grappling fury greet.
The rocks, the subject waves resounding far,
From shore to shore the loud aerial fray.
At last their tangled wings their weight betray,
They fall ;—the raging deep absorbs the war.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Fast to their aid the black confed'rates fly,
 Like meteors glancing o'er the troubled sky.
 At length, half lost, they see the struggling pair
 Deep, deep engulph'd amid the pitchy wave,
 They light, they settle round intent to save,
 And up with pain the cumbrous burden bear.

END OF CANTO XXII.

CANTO

C A N T O XXIII,

A R G U M E N T.

After a narrow escape from the fury of the MALEBOLGIAN Guard, the Poet finds himself in the Regions of Hypocrisy. He describes its punishment, and the ceremony they observe in passing the station of CAIAPHAS, the celebrated High Priest of the Jews. Among the rest, he meets with the Spirits of CATALANO and LODERINGHI, two Bolognese Friars, one a Guelf and the other a Ghibelline, who were admitted to settle the affairs of Florence, but, by their partiality, left them more embroiled,

For
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C A N T O XXIII.

I.

FORSAKEN of our Guard, demure, and flow,
 Onward we journey thro' the vale of woe;
 Like two sad hermits o'er the desert plain;
 While in the molten sea the Demons roll'd,
 My mem'ry strait recall'd the scene of old,
 Describ'd in rustic phrase by PHRYGIA'S Swain.

II.

The dark intention of the croaking Lord,
 And how his charge with him the Kite devour'd *;
 But calmer thoughts were lost in sudden dread,
 Lest, with recruited strength and double rage,
 On us the fiends their fury should assuage,
 By our request to shame and ruin led.

III.

And now, methought, the *Stygian* hunt began;
 Swift to my heart an icy summons ran,

* He means the fable in *Æsop*, where the frog offers to ferry over the mease, with a secret intention to drown him; and, for more security, has him tied on his back:—while they are thus encumbered they are seen by a kite, who carries them both off.—One does not perceive the resemblance here very clearly;—the disappointment of the Demons by vain promises, and their neglect of the prey already caught while they are watching for more, is much liker the story of the Dog and the Shadow.

With

With faltring voice I cry'd, " The furies come!
I hear their moody mufic from afar;
I fee their Chieftain guide the flying war,
O Father, hafte! and ward the menac'd doom."

IV.

" Thy foul (the Mantuan cry'd) reflects thy fear,
As in the mirror bright, the object near,
In glowing tints returns a double form;
But come, by mutual dread and danger join'd,
By yon defcending path our feet muft winde,
And fhun, in friendly fhade, the flying fwarm.

V.

If this long avenue directs us right,
Down thro' the valley of eternal night,

Another

Another gulph, with rocky mounds inclos'd,
Divides the deep with everlasting bar ;
Whose lofty bounds repel the flying war,
To the loud onset of the fiends oppos'd."

VI.

Scarce had the ROMAN ceas'd, when, waving high,
The *Stygian* banner floats across the sky,
And fun'ral screams are heard, and dire alarms !
His mate the *Mantuan* seiz'd ; and, springing light,
Plung'd headlong downwards thro' the waste of night,
And held me trembling in his faithful arms.

VII.

The Matron thus the flaming roof forsakes,
And, half array'd, her helpless infant takes,

The

The lov'd, the sole companion of her woe;
 Nor speeds the torrent o'er the channel'd mound,
 Nor swifter turns th' indented wheel around,
 Than *Maro* fought the mournful plains below.

VIII.

We lighted soon below; the fiends afar
 Possess the cliffs, and vainly threaten war;
 But now, by Heav'n restrain'd, their baffled rage
 Its limit felt, nor durst they wing their way
 Where lofty rocks divide the dusky bay,
 And mark with mighty range their utmost stage.

IX.

A solemn train, with weary step, and flow,
 Still seem'd to wind around the space below,

Their

Their long laborious march with heavy cheer ;
 Monastic hoods their bending forms conceal'd,
 And deep depending cowls their faces veil'd,
 Such as the sons of distant Belgia wear.

X.

Their forms emerging thro' the shades of night,
 Successive gleam'd afar a golden light,
 Vain semblance all ! for molten lead within,
 With scalding weight their sinking limbs oppress,
 More pondrous far than FREDERIC's burning vest,
 A plague well suited to their mortal sin !

* Frederic the Second is said to have invented the following horrible punishment for State Criminals :—He caused them to be wrapt in sheets of lead from head to foot, and laid in a large cauldron intensely heated, so that the lead and the criminal were soon dissolved in one common mass. VILLANT, L. 6.

XI.

Loud lamentations fill'd the passing gale,
 When the proud phalanx came, in pondrous mail,
 Eternal cincture! clad, and borne along,
 Our ready steps attend the wayward train,
 Our eager ears imbibe the various strain,
 And mark'd what nations form'd the mighty throng.

XII.

Slow was the mournful march.—With heav'ly haste,
 Now these, now those, the *Mantuan* Poet past,
 And reach'd with flying feet the distant van;
 Still list'ning near, if any sound betray'd
 A *Tuscan* soul in leaden vest array'd,
 'Till thus at length a hollow voice began:

XIII.

XIII.

“ Turn, Florentines ! a kindred Soul implores.—
 Whatever cause, to these detested shores
 Commands your journey ! mark our rigid fate ! ”
 We stopp’d, we turn’d, and saw a wretched Pair,
 Forth from the crowd their cumbrous vestments bear,
 And press laborious thro’ the *Stygian* strait.

XIV.

Dumb, and malignant, on my shape they gaz’d ;
 My disencumber’d limbs their envy rais’d.—
 “ How dare you thus (they cry’d) with blood-warm
 veins,
 And fleshly feet, pursue the fatal way,
 While here in long metallic robes we stray,
 Whose cumbrous weight our tardy feet restrains ?

XV.

XV.

Then thus, in groans : “ Oh ! favour’d Soul, attend,
 Let not our sad request thine ears offend ;
 Thy name, thy birth, and wondrous fate disclose !
 Tho’ *Hypocrites*, we join in fervent pray’r.”
 “ On *Arno’s* banks (I cry’d) my native air
 I drew, and early bore a weight of woes !

XVI.

Here, wand’ring, I obey the Sov’reign will :—
 But say, What sentence bid your tears distil
 For ever thus—your crimes and fortunes tell !”
 “ Behold our brows, with burning mitres press’d,
 See on our sentenc’d limbs the burning vest,
 Nor ask from what sad cause our sorrows swell.

XVII.

XVII.

While yet on earth, nor yet consign'd to shame,
 Bologna rung with CATALANO's * name,
 Nor less to fame was LODERINGO * known.
 Let *Arno's* banks deplore our deeds of old,
 And weeping *Florence* tell her freedom sold
 By us, who fill'd the high *Prætorian* throne."

XVIII.

"Unhappy Pair, I mourn your ceaseless pain!"
 I would have said:—when lo! across the plain,

* Two members of a religious society, half secular, half lay, then instituted by Urban the Fourth. called *Frate Godenti*, or, Brothers of St. Mary. From the extraordinary sanctity of their character, they were chosen joint Priors of Florence, in order to quiet the factions that embroiled the state. See the Historical Piece annexed.

A flum.

A slumb'ring Giant seem'd to bar the way ;
 The Pontiff's robe his mighty members grac'd,
 His haughty brow a burning mitre prefs'd,
 And low, with fetter'd feet, supine he lay.

XIX.

The captive groan'd, and seem'd to shun the view ;
 " See LODERINO, (cry'd the mighty Jew *)
 Whose will of old the *Sanhedrim* obey'd ;
 Thro' hot misguided zeal to save a state,
 With bloody hands they seal'd *Emmanuel's* fate,
 To shameful death by guilty men betray'd."

* *Caiaphas*, who declared it was necessary *one man should die for the people*.

XX.

Yonder his fellow-judge in bondage lies,
 And ev'ry passenger his weight applies,
 His leaden weight, to press the groaning breast.
 The prostrate *Sanhedrim* possess the plain;
 Still on their bosoms press the loaded train,
 And spurn with hostile heel the fetter'd Priest."

XXI.

Viewing the deadly doom the *Mantuan* stood,
 Of those sad exiles, stain'd with guiltless blood,
 Then to the Florentine desponding cry'd :
 " Say, do not yon surrounding rocks afford
 Means of deliv'rance from the race abhorr'd,
 Whose legions line the steep on either side ?"

XXII.

XXII.

“ A pendant rock for many leagues pervades
 (The Pris’ner cry’d) these deep *Cimmerian* shades
 Entire, ’till strong convulsions marr’d his height.
 Now many an horrid breach, and chasm profound,
 Deforms its face to yonder furthest bound,*
 Where o’er the centre hangs a gloomier night.”

XXIII.

Sorrowing, the Bard declin’d his mournful head,
 Then, “ Oh! ye fraudulent sons of night (he said)

* The Demons had told them (Canto xxi.) that from the next Gulf, i. e. the Gulph of Hypocrisy, the way lay entire to the centre. This sublime imagination of Dante, that the earthquake which attended the crucifixion overthrew the infernal ramparts, and obstructed the way to Hell, seems to have given the hint to Milton, that Sin and Death first built this wondrous bridge, whose partial ruin at least was the consequence of the resurrection.

And

And thou, whose trident awes the savage band,
 I see your wiles!" (reply'd the Tuscan Sage)
 "Falshood has mark'd their name from age to age,
 Since first their Lord the great seduction plann'd."

XXIV.

The troubled spirit heard; and, ling'ring long,
 O'er the tall battlements dejected hung:
 At length he gave the sign; and, down the path,
 With his associate took the dangerous way,
 And left the Prelates, where in rank they lay
 Beneath the load of everlasting wrath.

END OF CANTO XXIII.

CANTO

C A N T O XXIV.

A R G U M E N T.

The Poet escaping with much difficulty from the sixth Department of MALEBOLGE, arrives at the seventh, where the Spirits of those who had been guilty of Robbery, either public or private, are punished. There he meets a noble PISTOIAN, from whom he learns some particulars of the fate both of PISTOIA and FLORENCE.

THE HISTORY OF THE

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AMERICAN

THE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN
REPUBLIC, FROM THE
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PRESENT TIME, IN TWO
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BY JAMES M. SMITH, LL.D.
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C A N T O XXIV.

I.

WHEN now the infant Year begins her race,
 When rising Sol the watry sign surveys,
 And deep immur'd his oozy tresses laves :
 Keen Boreal blasts congeal the falling dew,
 The hoary prospect gleams beneath the view,
 'Till Phœbus gilds afar the orient waves.

II.

Half-clad, the shudd'ring peasant meets the dawn,
 And views with looks of woe the wintry lawn;
 Then turns desponding to his hut forlorn:
 Once more the wintry plain his feet essay,
 The frosty mantle flits beneath the ray,
 And meets the Sun in mounting volumes borne.

III.

His long forgotten crook he learns to wield,
 Then jocund drives his bleating charge afield;
 The MANTUAN thus resum'd his wonted cheer:
 His placid mien assur'd his fainting mate.
 So look'd the Bard, when near the gloomy gate
 His Angel-presence first dispell'd my fear.

IV.

IV.

Pensive awhile he stood, and seem'd to weigh
 The untry'd dangers of the dusky bay ;
 Then measuring the deep gulph with cautious look,
 He plann'd the enterprize with studious thought,
 And in his arms his trembling pupil caught,
 And slow and sure the lofty stand forsook.

V.

O'er rifted rocks, and hanging cliffs we pass'd,
 When lo ! a ruinous fragment check'd our haste.
 " Mount ! he exclaim'd—but mount with cautious
 feet,
 Lest, min'd below, the pondrous ruin falls ;"
 Trembling I mount, and pass the mould'ring walls,
 Whose nodding horrors o'er the valley meet.

VI.

VI.

My Angel-guide pursued the way with pain,
 * How hard, alas ! for that encumber'd train
 In heavy mail of molten lead to climb!
 With toil subdu'd, with ghastly fear dismay'd,
 I scarce pursued the disembodied shade,
 O'er many a dreadful breach and cliff sublime.

VII.

But now, descending to the central deep,
 The short divisions slope, abrupt, and steep,
 Easing the labour of the downward way.
 Yet still the walls of Hades rose so high,
 Doubling the horrors of the nether sky,
 They struck my inmost soul with pale dismay.

VIII.

VIII.

Thus the long ruins of the vale we pass'd,
 The broken, bold, extreme appear'd at last,
 But length'ning toil my wasted pow'rs subdued.
 Down on the dizzy verge fatigu'd I sat,
 Pond'ring with anxious thought my hapless fate.
 'Till thus the friendly Bard my hopes renew'd:

IX.

“ Arise!—In vain the slumb'ring soul aspires,
 (Her pow'rs betray'd by sloth, extinct her fires)
 In vain she tries the dazzling heights of fame :
 As morning fogs disperse to meet no more,
 As the waves close behind the lab'ring oar,
 The dastard soul expires without a name!

X.

X.

Arise!—It ill befits the mounting mind
 With mortal cares debas'd, to lag behind;
 Yet ALPS, more hideous still, and gulphs await,
 That mock the deeps behind."—Abash'd I stood;
 In warmer tides the vital current flow'd;
 "Lead on, I cry'd, and point the paths of fate!"

XI.

Against the pendent rock with pain we rose,
 And cliffs more dreadful still, our course oppose;
 And deadlier perils round beset the path.
 To hide my fear, conversing up the steep,
 Tho' faint, I climb'd, when from the neighb'ring
 deep,
 Fierce and abrupt, I heard the voice of wrath.

XII.

XII.

Confus'd, and low the fullen found began,
 Then louder still around the barriers ran.
 "Quick! let us leave the height, illustrious Guide,
 I cry'd, "the mingled fray deceives my sight;
 Hid in the gloom of everlasting night,"
 "I grant thy just desire, the Poet cry'd.

XIII.

The Stygian void, with light'ning's speed we pass'd,
 And wild and dreary spread the nether waste
 A living scene; with dragon forms replete!
 Viperious tribes the horrid circle trace,
 To Lybia's sands unknown, and Gorgon's race
 Erect, with burnish'd scales, and crested state.

XIV.

XIV.

The JACULATOR flits across the gloom,
 The dire CHELYDRUS plots a darker doom;
 And AMPHISBÆNA† lifts a double wound:
 Wide Æthiopia, with her Serpent train,
 Nor the black tribes that haunt Erythra's plain,
 With shapes so monstrous hide the tainted ground.

XV.

Without a moment's rest, the sentenc'd throng
 Thro' warping millions urge their flight along.
 Despoil'd and bare, with burning wounds emboss'd,
 A knot vipereous tyes their hands behind;
 Deep thro' the bleeding veins the serpents winde
 Around—before, in many a volume cross'd.

† Various kinds of Serpents.——See Lucan, Lib. 9.

XVI.

XVI.

Fast to the barrier sped a wretch forlorn,
 Behind, his flying foe in tempest borne,
 Full at his shoulders aim'd the fiery wound.
 Starting, convuls'd, he felt the clinging pest,
 He found its burning folds his limbs invest,
 And, mingling soon, they grovel on the ground.

XVII.

Together now beneath the spreading flame,
 They waste, they vanish, like a morning dream;
 Their scatt'ring ashes whiten all the shore :
 Again they part, the human form returns,
 Again sublime in air the Dragon burns,
 And the pale victim feels his rage once more.

XVIII.

XVIII.

The Phoenix thus, her fatal period come,
 Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance meets her doom,
 Secure of fate, and feeds the spicy flame.
 Fresh from her tomb the wondrous bird revives.
 In vain the consummating day arrives,
 And circling ages find her still the same.

XIX.

As one by spasm, or demon frenzy seiz'd,
 Fresh from his iron slumber starts amaz'd,
 While mem'ry reels beneath the stunning blow:
 Half lost, and shudd'ring from his doom severe,
 Thus slowly rose the son of sad despair,
 And, question'd, thus commenc'd his tale of woe:

XX.

XX.

“ Ye ask to know my race—from ARNO’s vale
 Hurl’d headlong down, I fought the depths of Hell;
 For more than common villainy renown’d.
 No feller savage haunts the moonlight wild,†
 Nor owns a den with bloodier deeds defil’d,
 As well PISTOIA knows, my native ground.”

† Surnamed Bestia from his savage disposition. He was notorious for robbery and sacrilege. He, with some others, laid the plan of robbing the Cathedral of St. James’s, at Pistoia; which they executed without discovery, and deposited their spoils in the house of one of their confederates, whose fair character they thought would prevent a search. Next morning almost all the suspected persons in Pistoia were put to the torture; still however the confederates escaped, till one Rampiro, an intimate friend of Vanno, was sentenced to the rack, and his friend, in order to save him, sent an anonymous letter, discovering where the spoils were deposited. They were accordingly found, and the master of the house was committed to the flames.

XXI.

“ Yet, ere we pass, illustrious Bard ! enquire
 Why here below he feeds the penal fire ;
 More fit to join the sanguinary band ! ”
 I spoke—the sinner heard my just request,
 And turning round his faded face unblest’d,
 Explain’d his title to the snaky strand.

XXII.

“ No deadlier pang my parting spirit bore,
 Since first she sunk to this disastrous shore,
 Than the keen censure of thy judging eye.
 ’Twas sacrilege, and lust of hallow’d gold,
 Among the spoiler troop my name enroll’d,
 Still forc’d the fiery plague in vain to fly.

XXIII.

XXIII.

But, lest my deadly plagues regale thy fight,
 Know, if thou e'er should'st see the bounds of light,
 (Unhappy FLORENTINE! attend thy doom!)

The * Swarthy Tribe on fair Pistoia's plain
 Shall turn the day, and rally once again,
 And colonize once more their native home.

XXIV.

I see, by MARS exhal'd, an hostile cloud
 The tented plain of VALDIMAGRA shroud,
 And sweep PICENO's field with whirlwind sway!
 See! where the Swarthy Band obscures the field!
 The Foe inglorious drops the silver shield;
 Go to thy friends, foretel the dreadful day."

* He foretells the prevalency of the Black Faction under Charles of Valois, and the banishment of Dante.—See Life of Dante.—Hist. Florent.

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C A N T O X X V .

A R G U M E N T .

The Poet proceeds through the Regions of SACRILEGE and ROBBERY, where he meets with the Spirit of CACUS, and sees several strange transformations and transmigrations among four Florentines, whom he finds on the frontiers of the region.

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C A N T O XXV.

I.

STERNLY he ceas'd, with execrations dire ;
And, loud blaspheming Heav'n's Eternal Sire,
He rais'd his ruffian hands, and dar'd his wrath !
But soon a spiry snake his members binds,
Another round his vocal passage windes,
And stops with many a fold the felon's breath.

II.

Ill-fam'd *Pistoia*! call the sacred flame
 From *Latian* plains to purge thy hated name,
 And sweep away thy sacrilegious brood.
 Assemble round, ye sentenc'd tribes of Hell!
 Not all your legions holds a fiend so fell;
 Not he, whose pride the thund'ring Pow'r withstood!

III.

He fled in horror o'er the burning waste,
 And soon a *Centaur* form, with furious haste,
 Follow'd his track. Across his shoulders broad,
 Where the fleet courser with the man combin'd,
 A thousand warping snakes their volumes twin'd,
 Such as *Maremma's* plains yet never show'd.

IV.

IV.

Full on his neck a burning dragon borne,
 With winnow'd flames oppress'd the wretch forlorn,
 Who dar'd the whirlwind of his wings to meet.
 " Behold the Robber's * doom (the Mantuan cry'd)
 Who *Aventine's* proud hill with slaughter dy'd,
 And fill'd with murd'rous deeds her dark retreat!

V.

He stems the coming crowd with furious speed,
 A punishment to match his wiles decreed;
 When struggling steers, with more than mortal force,
 Down backward to his bloody cave he drew;
 Reverse! their footsteps mark'd the midnight dew.
 In vain! for soon *Alcides* trac'd their course.

* *Cacus*, the famous Robber. See Virgil, B. 3.

VI.

The Son of Jove the lurking felon found,
 And soon the Hero dealt the deadly wound."
 The *Mantuan* ceas'd, the Spectre disappear'd,
 While three sad phantoms, hov'ring on the coast,
 Were seen, like Heralds of a mighty host,
 And mingled cries, and hisses strange, were heard!

VII.

"Your names, your country tell!" (the foremost
 cry'd,)
 List'ning the *Mantuan* stood, nor aught reply'd;
 'Till some kind chance their story should declare.
 At length a voice was heard; "*Cianfa*, come,
 Why this delay to consummate our doom?"
 Silent we stood, and watch'd the mournful Pair.

VIII.

VIII.

Nor marvel, ye that hear the wondrous tale!
 If doubts, arising oft, your minds assail!
 Those eyes, that saw them, scarce believ'd the sight:
 We look'd; and lo! on oary feet sublime,
 A burnish'd snake * divides the dusky clime,
 And o'er the prospect gleams a transient light.

* This flying serpent was *Cianfa* (named stanza vii.) a Florentine of the family of the *Donati*, and of the Black Faction, consequently an enemy to *Dante*. What his particular crime was is unknown; I hope *Dante* does not sacrifice him merely to the Spirit of Faction,—he in general is very impartial.—This victim makes up the number of the four Florentines, whose strange transformations and transmigrations are here described.—The victim whom he is described as winding round is *Aguello*, of the family of *Brunelleschi*, of the Black Faction too; (see Machiavel, Hist. Flor. L. 2.) but his particular crime is also unknown to all the commentators that I had an opportunity of consulting; nor can we learn what event the Poet alludes to by his monstrous coalition with *Cianfa*, (stan. xiii. xiv.)

IX.

Around his prey we saw the serpent wind,
 Instant his curling spires the captive bind;
 At once depriv'd of motion and of strength:—
 The suppliant's face his cruel fangs arrest,
 Huge, scaly volumes his long limbs invest,
 And thro' his bowels shoot their horrid length.

X.

Thus round the elm the wanton ivy strays,
 And o'er the boughs in long meanders plays,
 Yet still distinct, their native hues remain;
 Not so the Stygian Pair; their colours blend:—
 Each seem'd to each its changing form to lend,
 And each by turns to feel the stroke of pain.

XI.

O'er the fair parchment thus, the colours fade,
 Deep-ting'd, and black'ning, as the flames invade
 Her virgin-white with mingling stain suffus'd.

“ Ah! why this fatal change, *Agnello*, say!”

(His fellow-fiends exclaim'd, with pale dismay).

“ See how they blend, and form a mass confus'd!”

XII.

Instant as thought, their wreathing limbs entwine,
 And each to each their mingling members join,
 A tow'ring prodigy, without a name!
 Unmatch'd by Fancy in her airy cell!
 Unmatch'd among the num'rous bands of Hell!
 And limbs unequal prop'd the monstrous frame.

XIII.

XIII.

The Giant-spectre frown'd with hideous grace,
 The *man* and *dragon* mingling in his face,
 While waving pinions clad his arms anew:—
 Half blended, half distinct, he sped his flight;
 Dreaded and shunn'd by all the Race of Night,
 Where'er his ill-consorted limbs he drew.

XIV.

Not long at gaze his sad associates stood:
 For lo! a burning Asp, athirst for blood,
 The foremost strikes, and thro' his heaving sides,
 Piercing he past, with long continuous wound;
 Then disentangling, shot along the ground,
 And o'er the plain in flow meanders glides.

XV.

XV.

The Lizard thus infests the public way,
 When raging *Sirius* fires the fervent day,
 And, like a meteor, flits across the path:—
 The victim felt the agonizing blow;
 Then turning saw, amaz'd, his little foe,
 That seem'd to burn with unextinguish'd wrath.

XVI.

From the small wound a vapour seem'd to flow,
 Replete with rage; the little Asp*, below,
 A cor-

* The Asp was *Guerchio*, the human figure *Buoso Abbate*, both Florentines, of the Black Faction, doomed here to change alternately, and pursue each other in different shapes over the infernal plain. Their particular crimes are unknown.

A corresponding cloud was seen to send,
 Each with malignant look his foe beheld,
 While fumes to fumes oppos'd, their forms conceal'd,
 And tortures new their changing limbs distend.

XVII.

Sabellius † now no more let *Afric* boast,
 Nor *Naso* mourn his *Arethusa* lost,
 Or sing *Agenor's* son in scales array'd ;
 Alternate forms, and double change I sing,
 Portentous scenes ! that claim a louder string ;
 Scenes never yet by Fancy's eye survey'd !

† A soldier in Cato's army, who is described by Lucan (Lib. 9.) as stung by a particular kind of serpent, and instantly falling into ashes. — *Arethusa*, a Nymph changed into a Spring. Ovid, L. 5. — *Cadmus*, changed into a serpent. Ditto, L. 6. — Compare the description of the change with Milton, B. 10. — *Puccia*, mentioned here, was a common Robber ; the rest were all of noble families, and spoilers of the state.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Trembling and pale the human figure stood,
 While palsies strange his sinking limbs subdu'd;
 Convuls'd, at length, his closing legs entwine.
 But the small Asp, erect, in burnish'd pride,
 Astonish'd sees her scaly train divide,
 Assume the man, and all the snake resign.

XIX.

But o'er the bending wretch the serpent creeps,
 His less'ning limbs the subtle venom steeps,
 Contracts his joints, and bends his spinal strength!
 Soon in his sides his shortning arms are lost;
 Grovelling and prone, he falls along the coast,
 And hurtling scales invest his dreadful length.

XX.

XX.

Enlarg'd by just degrees the aspect swells,
 His soft'ning skin the rigid scale expels,
 And, branching into arms, his shoulders spread;
 In naked majesty erect he stands,
 His vile associate licks the fable sands,
 A reptile prone, and bows the humble head,

XXI.

The fiends alternate thus their shape disown,
 (Their dark malignant look unchang'd alone)
 The form erect assumes an ampler face,
 August and broad his manly temples rise,
 His little ears expand, his trembling eyes
 Enlarge, and nostrils fill the middle space.

XXII.

XXII.

The serpent, late a man, in deep despair,
 Feels his sad visage drawn to sharp and spare,
 His head prolong'd, his closing eyes retir'd,
 His parting tongue * denies its usual aid,
 Dejected, dumb, he feels his pow'rs betray'd,
 And hears his foe with sudden speech inspir'd.

XXIII.

At length the fumes disperse, the snake retreats,
 While following fast his proud associate threats ;
 " Ab-

* Alluding to the vulgar error, that the serpent's tongue is forked.

"*Abbate!* March! (he cry'd) and feel the doom,
 The rigid doom, which many a year I bore,
 Laborious winding round the sandy shore,
 'Till late I durst the human form assume."

XXIV.

Such, old *Zavorra!* such thy wondrous law!
 Where, change succeeding change, amaz'd I saw
 Portentous scenes! unknown to modern faith!
 Yet *Puccio* still disown'd her magic pow'r;
 Erect, unchang'd, I saw the felon tow'r,
 While foul *Abbate* crept along the path.

XXV.

The form that chas'd the serpent o'er the plain,
 Was *Cavalcanti's* shade, untimely slain *;

Ev'n

* He was slain at Gavilla, in the Valdarno, and his death was cruelly revenged by his faction, who killed the peasants, and wasted the whole country with fire and sword.

Ev'n yet *Gavillus*' bounds his death deplore,
Where, burning with revenge and factious hate,
His cruel friends repaid their kinsman's fate,
With wasting fire, and floods of Tuscan gore.

END OF CANTO XXV.

Page 1
The first part of the book
is devoted to a general
description of the country
and its resources.

The second part of the book
contains a detailed account
of the various tribes
and their customs.

The third part of the book
describes the different
languages spoken in the
country.

The fourth part of the book
contains a list of the
principal towns and
villages.

C A N T O XXVI.

A R G U M E N T,

Leaving the Regions of Sacrilege, the Poets are introduced to the Lot of those who were endowed with uncommon talents which they had perverted to the purposes of Deceit and Persidy. Among the most conspicuous Figures he finds DIOMED and ULYSSES; from the latter of whom he learns the Story of his Voyage to the ATLANTIC, and the circumstances of his Death.

[Faint, illegible text at the bottom of the page]

1944-1945

C A N T O XXVI.

I.

FLORENCE! all hail! thy glorious name
 resounds

O'er land and sea, and thro' the Stygian bounds ;
 The * five bold brethren chant thy praise below,
 For sacrilege renown'd, and moonlight spoil,
 Such sons, alas! thy honour'd name defile,
 And stigmatize with shame my burning brow.

* Cianfa, Agnello, Guerschio, Cavalcanti, Buoso, Abati, (the first a Guelf, the other a Ghibelline) and Puccio Sceanciato, mentioned in the last Canto.

II.

If morning visions shew thy coming fate,
 Heav'n's vengeance overhangs my parent state,
 And glad ETRURIA hails the doomful day:
 While * ills on ills succeed, a num'rous train,
 And mark my sad declining days with pain,
 When grief and time have wov'n my locks with gray.

III.

* The Poet here alludes to two dreadful calamities which happened in Florence, in his time, as if they were yet to come. In the year 1304, Scenical Representations were already in high repute at Florence. — A nocturnal spectacle of this sort which represented the torments of the damned, was shewn in a sort of wooden theatre on the river Arno. The concourse was so great that the temporary wooden bridges gave way, and a vast multitude was drowned, and such was the mutual hatred of the two factions, that each exultingly remarked of those of the opposite party, who were killed, that they had made a transition from a fancied, to a real scene of torment. — Some years after Florence was almost depopulated by that pestilence so beautifully described by Boccaccio in his introduction to the Decamerone.

III.

Now rifted rocks impede the dang'rous path,
 Yet still I follow'd thro' the walks of death,
 And climb'd with heart of proof the adyerse steep.
 But oh! what scenes amaz'd my startled sight,
 Portentous gleaming thro' the waste of night,
 And sentenc'd souls whose torments still I weep.

IV.

Here millions mourn their talents misapply'd,
 Celestial grace! the dang'rous talent guide,
 And still in virtue's cause employ my song!
 Unhappy, he! that leads the Muse astray,
 And prostitutes the Heav'n-commission'd lay,
 From virtue's road to lure the heedless throng!

IV.

As when the swain reclin'd beneath the shade,
Beholds the glow-worm train illumine the glade,
And spangling myriads gleam along the vale.
While evening slumbers o'er her shadowy reign,
And borne on Summer wing across the plain,
In twilight bands, the droning beetles fail.

VI.

Thus, distant far, the peopled gulph below,
Disgorg'd, at many a vent her stores of woe;
And ev'ry flame involv'd a wretch from view.
Deep wréathing smoke the grisly phantom veil'd,
As when of old, in thund'rous clouds conceal'd,
And wrapp'd by fiery steeds ELIAS flew.

VII.

VII.

* Gazing the ample sky, his Pupil stood,
 When up the steep of Heav'n the triumph rode,
 And like a kindling glory sped along.
 Thus ever coursing round the dismal goal,
 Each fiery column bore a sentenc'd soul,
 And smoaky whirlwinds hid the captive throng.

VIII.

To the high mould'ring arch I clung sublime,
 Viewing the horrors of the Stygian clime,
 " Behold yon' countless fires, the Mantuan cry'd,
 Each spiral flame a criminal contains,
 And wraps the victim round in viewless chains.
 See! how they shrink, and strive their woes to hide."

* Elisha. See 2 Kings. chap. 2.

IX.

“ I see ! illustrious Bard ! the growing plague ;
 I see the vale distinct for many a league,
 With walking fires, reflecting blaze on blaze.
 Now hither one, its double summit bends ;
 Say, whence the deep-engender'd blast ascends,
 That parts the flame, and blows it different ways ?

X.

Perhaps the †brethren of Bœotia's state
 In hostile flames renew their antient hate ;”

XI.

† Polynices and Eteocles, the rival Kings of Thebes, who fell by mutual wounds ; and according to poetical history, when their bodies were laid on the same funeral pile, the flames divided. See Statius Theb. Lib. 12. This the Poet here alludes to, when he sees the souls of Ulysses and Diomedes, confined in the same fiery column divided above. The reason of Diomedes's sentence does not appear, the con-

demnation

I spoke—the Bard return'd, “TYDIDES there;
 With old LAERTES' son, in fraud combin'd.
 For ever mourn in flaming fetters join'd,
 In Earth and Hell, an undivided pair!

XI.

Now boast below your deadly ambushade,
 The fatal steed, and ILION's town betray'd;

You

demnation of Ulysses is founded upon his false accusation of Palamedes, who, when Ulysses pretended madness to excuse himself from going to the siege of Troy, detected him by the following stratagem:—In a seeming lunacy, where Ulysses was employed in ploughing the ground, and sowing it with salt; Palamedes took Telemachus, then an infant, and laid him in his way. The father immediately turned the plough aside, and on this proof of his sanity, was compelled to engage in the expedition. For this Ulysses vowed vengeance against Palamedes, and accused him of a treasonable correspondence with the enemy, having produced a sum of money on the trial, which he himself had found means to hide in Palamedes's tent. The story of his detecting Achilles (who was disguised in a female dress) by shewing him a suit of armour, is well known, and beautifully told by Statius, Achilleis, Lib. 2.

You sent her exiles to an happier shore!
Fair DEIDAMIAS woes, ACHILLES flight,
The fraudulent deed that mask'd the dismal night,
And PALAMEDES fate in flames deplore."

XII.

Then, suppliant, thus I pray'd—"If giv'n by fate,
In yon' eternal burnings to relate
Their fortunes and their crimes, the moment seize,
While, fix'd on yonder point, the hov'ring flame,
Divided burns with strong repulsive beam,
And friendly fate a little space decrees."

XIII.

"Thy pray'r is heard, return'd the gentle shade,
Think not thy pious wish by me delay'd,

But

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† W
Vigil
barbaro
acquire

But hear in silence, lest with sudden flight
The wayward phantoms shun thy barb'rous speech
Untaught the smooth † *Ionian* strain to reach,
And let my well-known voice prevent their flight."

XIV.

Now circling to our stand the phantoms came,
And thus the Bard address'd the double flame:
" Ye souls, condemn'd in kindred fires to mourn,
If e'er your names adorn'd my lofty lays,
If ev'n in Hell you boast the Mantuan's praise,
Oh, say! why sentenc'd thus you roam forlorn?"

† We find by this, that Dante had not learnt Greek, as we find Virgil afraid lest the Grecian spectres should be frighted with the barbarous accents of the *Lingua Volgare*. Even Petrarch did not acquire this language till his old age. — See *Mem. Petrarche*.

XV.

XV.

The broader spire with double fury burn'd,
 And round with whirlwind speed convulsive turn'd,
 As some descending blast his rage awoke :
 Aloft the trembling top fantastic play'd,
 The wondrous organ soon the blast obey'd,
 And, thus in groans, the horrid silence broke :

XVI.

“ Ye wand’ring shades! LAERTES’ son behold,
 Who left the lov’d CIRCÆAN bow’rs of old,
 Ere good ÆNEAS blest’d CAIETA’s shore!
 Yet, after all my toils, nor aged fire
 Nor son, nor spouse, could check the wild desire
 Again to tempt the sea, with vent’rous oar.

XVII.

XVII.

In search of fame I measur'd various crimes, †
 Still vers'd in deeper frauds and nameless crimes.
 With slender band, and solitary sail,
 I circled round the CELTIBERIAN strand,
 I saw the SARDIAN cliffs, MOROCCO's land,
 And pass'd ALCIDES' straits with steady gale.

XVIII.

The broad Atlantic first my keel impress'd,
 I saw the sinking barriers of the west,

† The Poet here seems to have considered Ulysses in his latter expeditions as a Pirate. That this was a common occupation of the ancient Greeks appears from Homer's *Odyssey*. Lib. 9. Thucydides L. 1, ad init.

And

And boldly thus address'd my hardy crew :
 " While yet your blood is warm, my gallant train,
 Explore with me the perils of the main,
 And find new worlds unknown to mortal view.

XIX.

Recall your glorious toils, your lofty birth,
 Nor like the grov'ling herds, ally'd to earth,
 No base despondence quit your lofty claim."
 They heard, and thro' th' unconquerable band
 My potent words the living ardor fann'd,
 And instant breath'd around the fervent flame."

XX.

With measur'd stroke the whit'ning surge they sweep,
 'Till ev'ry well-known star beneath the deep

Declin'd

Declin'd his radiant head ; and o'er the sky
A beamy squadron rose, of name unknown,
Antarctic glories deck'd the burning zone
Of night, and southern fires salute the eye.

XXI.

Now five successive moons with borrow'd light
Had silver'd o'er the sober face of night
Since first the western surge receiv'd our prow.
At length a distant isle was seen to rise,
Obscure at first, and mingling with the skies,
Till nearer seen, its shores began to grow,

XXII.

A mountain rose sublime above the coast,
Immeasurably tall, in vapours lost ;

Where hurricanes for ever howl around.
 Curs'd be the day I saw the dismal shore!
 Accurst the rending sail and faithless oar!
 And curs'd myself that pass'd the fatal bound!

XXIII.

Trembling I saw the Heav'n-commission'd blast
 The canvas tear, and bend the groaning mast;
 In vain we toil'd the ruin to prevent:
 Thrice round and round the found'ring vessel rides,
 The op'ning plank receiv'd the rushing tides
 And me and mine to quick perdition sent!"

END OF CANTO XXVI.

CANTO

C A N T O XXVII.

A R G U M E N T.

The Poet continues to describe the punishment of such as had abused their talents : after ULYSSES finishes his tale, he meets the Spirit of Count GUIDO DE MONTEFELTRO, who relates at large the history of his crimes, his conversion, and relapse.

THE T. O. XVII.

ARGUMENT

The first manner in which the language of law
is distinguished from that of common life is by
its being the property of a certain class of men
the lawyers, who retain it as their property
of knowledge, and who, like all other
possessors of a monopoly, are inclined to

keep it as long as they can, and to
the exclusion of all others. The second
manner in which the language of law is
distinguished from that of common life is by
its being a kind of artificial language, and
not a natural one.

The third manner in which the language of law
is distinguished from that of common life is by
its being a kind of artificial language, and
not a natural one.

CANTO

2

But
The
And
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Like
With

C A N T O XXVII.

I.

BUT now the trembling summit plays no more,
The wondrous organ gave its office o'er,
And sighing funk in circling vapours lost :
And soon a third, involv'd in fiery fume,
Like a sad Spirit in a dismal tomb,
With smother'd groans approach'd our lofty post.

II.

II.

Pent in the brzen bull, a scorching grave,
 The sad *Sicilian* * thus was heard to rave,
 And hideous bellowings fill'd the region round,
 No less in vain the prison'd Spirit tries,
 In many a low complaint his feeble voice,
 The tyrant flame oppress'd the plaintive sound.

III.

At last the blaze divides, and, breath'd in pain,
 Forth from the summit broke an hideous strain,

In

* An allusion to the well-known story of the famous *Perillus* of *Sicily* and his brazen bull, which he invented as an instrument of torture, where criminals were enclosed after it was made red-hot: but the Tyrant *Phalaris* is said to have made the first experiment upon the inventor himself.

In sounds confus'd. But soon the quiv'ring flame
 Form'd the strange music to the mortal ear!
 In wondrous words, articulate and clear,
 And mix'd with sobs, the dismal accents came.

IV.

"Sweet is the dialect of *Arno's* vale!
 Hail, native tongue, congenial spirits, hail!
 Still, in the shades below, Remembrance keeps
 The mournful image of her antient joys;
 Still on the sadly-pleasing task employs,
 Her settled thoughts, and o'er the picture weeps.

V.

Tho' half-confus'd, I gladly stand to hear
 The sound, nor thou disdain to bless mine ear.

But

But oh! if late you left the *Tuscan* plain,
 Perhaps *Romagna's* fate to thee is known;
 Where from Old Appennine, in fury thrown,
 The stream divides *Urbino's* rich domain."

VI.

Silent I stood; when thus the *Mantuan* shade:—
 "Hear'st thou thy native tongue! then why dis-
 may'd?

Why doubtful thus, to meet a wretch forlorn?"
 Abash'd I turn'd, and thus the soul address'd:—
 "Still thy *Romagna* * mourns, unknown to rest,
 By foul intestine broils for ever torn.

* The Poet here, in answer to Count Guido, tells first the condition of the *Romagna* in general; and then (in the succeeding stanzas) of each district in particular.

VII.

Awhile the whirlwind sinks in grim repose ;
 But Discord soon her Stygian bugle blows,
 And breaks the slender bands of plighted faith ;
Ravenna sleeps beneath *Polenta's* * wing,
 Under his blooming boughs the shepherds sing,
 And scorn the bloody *Gaul's* intemp'rate wrath.

VIII.

Still *Forli* † owns her *Sinibaldo's* sway ;
 When *Guido's* prowess turn'd the doubtful day,

Where

* Lord of *Ravenna*, the generous Patron of *Dante*, and a Ghibelline. He was father to the unfortunate *Francisca*. See C. 5.

† A city in *Romagna*, which had espoused the Emperor's and the Ghibelline faction.—In the year 1282, it was besieged by an army
 of

Where *Gallia* fled and dropt the Eilied shield,
Verucchio's bloodhounds † still their station keep;
 Beneath their fway the subject valleys weep,
 And fun'ral trophies sadden all the field.

of Papal French, brought by Martin IV. (a Frenchman) into Italy, and reduced to the greatest extremity. The governor, Montefeltro, agreed to admit a detachment of the besiegers at a postern, on a concerted signal, on the sole condition of sparing the lives of the garrison. The French, at the appointed hour, sent a detachment of cavalry, forced the gate, and instantly fell to plundering. Count Guido, the governor, in the mean time had sallied out of another gate, with a select party; and coming with a circuit on the French infantry, cut them to pieces. Then he returned to the city, and found the French still plundering. They were dismounted and unaccounted; and the inhabitants having secreted their saddles and bridles, they attempted to fight their way on foot, and were all exterminated to a man. VILLANI, L. 7.

† The *Maletestas*, father and son, tyrants of Rimini. The younger Lanciaotto was he that married Francesca, daughter of Polenta, who was in love with his brother, and sacrificed her to his jealousy. See Canto 5.

IX.

Faenza * owns her temporising Lord,
 Thence o'er *Imola* spreads her sway abhorr'd ;
 But fair *Cesena*'s line, to freedom true,
 Still vindicates in arms her humble reign :—
 Now, Captive like the rest ! thy doom explain, †
 And tell what crimes thy sentenc'd soul pursue !"

X.

* Where Mainardo Pagane ruled, who changed from the Guelfs to the Ghibellines, as suited his interest.

† This puts us in mind of the sublime address of *Odin*, to the Prophets in *The Descent of Odin*, by GRAY.

Thou the deeds of light shalt know,

Tell me what is done below !

Dante is supposed not to have known the Spirit of Count Guido on his first address, when the Poet extols his gallant behaviour at Forli, (Stanza 3.) By this affair Guido rose to the summit of military fame, but soon stained his character by an open contempt of the most solemn engagements, when a breach of them gained him any advantage over his enemies. A fit of sickness, however, was succeeded

X.

Now stronger fighs the quiv'ring summit sent ;
At last the smother'd language found a vent

Distinct

ceeded by a fit of repentance ; he resolved to withdraw from the world, and actually took the Franciscan habit. But Boniface VIII. (the Pharisaean Lord) persuaded him to break his vow on the following occasion :

The States of Italy, after the death of Frederic II. when the power of the Emperor was reduced to a shadow in Italy, still kept the name of Ghibellines, to preserve their liberty against the Popes, who headed the Guelfs. The Emperor had little or no power in Italy, when Count Guido, in his name, made so gallant a defence at Forli. The power of the Popes was little more ; they had lost all the territories that the Countess Matilda had bequeathed to Gregory VII. ; and the feudal Lords, in the very neighbourhood of Rome, asserted their privileges, and endeavoured to curb the Papal prerogative.—Cardinal Caietan had persuaded Celestine V. to resign the papacy (see C. 3.) and succeeded to him by the name of Boniface VIII. The two Cardinals of the noble family of Colonna objected both to the resignation and succession, as irregular and uncanonical. They published a manifesto to this purpose. Boniface, the
most

Distinct and loud :—" Thy rig'rous doom (he cry'd)
 Firm as the word of fate secures my fame,
 As hence no tell-tale goes to spread my shame,
 Else were thy rash untimely pray'r deny'd.

XI.

most vindictive of men, summoned the two Cardinals to appear before him : they disobeyed ; and he, without any further ceremony, excommunicated them. Not content with the fulminations of the church, he instigated their old rivals, the Orsini family, to declare war against them ; and, joining his arms to those of his new allies, published a crusade against the whole family.

The Colonnas, unable to withstand so powerful a confederacy, were stripped of their fortresses one after another, till, as their last resort, they were shut up at Palestina, (the old Preneſte) then deemed impregnable. It was then the Pope enticed Count Guido out of his cloister, in order to avail himself of his talent for stratagem. He gave the Pope that celebrated adieu, " Be liberal of your promises, but frugal of your performances."—In consequence of which Boniface proposed a reconciliation with the Colonnas, on which they opened their gates : but immediately he broke his engagement, razed Palestina to the ground, burned their castles, confiscated their estates, and drove their whole family into exile. Sciarra Colonna, one of the brothers, was obliged to live on wild fruits in the woods of Ardea :—Then embarking on board a vessel, he was taken by pirates, and retaken by Philip the fair, King of France, who, being engaged in a war with the Pope (on account of a subsidy from the Clergy, which Philip

XI.

But, since the Stygian Bar prevents thy flight,
 Condemn'd to linger here in endless night,
 Listen, sad Soul! to *Montefeltro's* tale.—
 Sick of the world, I heard the faintly call,
 Forsook the marshall'd field, the festive hall,
 And chang'd the din of arms for vigils pale.

Philip wanted for his own occasions, and the Pope for a pretended crusade) sent Colonna privately to Italy; who, raising a small body of men, joined Nogaret, the French General; surpris'd the Pope at Anagni, his native town, and plundered his palace; but as they were carrying him off in triumph, the people of the town perceiving the smallness of their numbers, rose upon them, drove them out of the precincts, and rescued the Pontiff. He however died soon after, and it was proved after his death, that he had said "how profitable is this fable of Jesus Christ to us!"—Villani Lib. 7, 8. *Memoires de Petrarque*, vol. 1, page 102.

Another well founded charge that appeared after his death, was that he had privately put Celestine to death in prison. For during his life, Boniface was looked upon by all good Catholics, as only an usurper.

XII.

With holy tears my countless sins I wail'd,
 'Till Hell's-commission'd Priest my soul assail'd;
 (Hell! with thy chosen plagues, his soul pursue!)
 My foulest crimes the vile impostor purg'd;
 Then, with peculiar fraud, his pupil urg'd,
 To aid his schemes with guilt of deeper hue!

XIII.

From earliest youth I shun'd the lion Law,
 Contented, with the wily fox, to draw
 The heedless foe within my fatal snare.
 Fraud was my fame, and circumvention deep;
 'Till Conscience, waking from her iron sleep,
 Dispell'd at once my boasted schemes in air!

XIV.

XIV.

With inward eye my spotted soul I view'd,
 And ev'ry stain with hallow'd tears bedew'd;
 Their swelling sails my sinking passions furl'd!—
 The backward course I trod with pious haste,
 But soon the Papal hand my fears effac'd,
 And led me forth to join the bustling world.

XV.

With shameless front the * PHARISÆAN Lord
 Had flung away the keys, and drawn the sword.
 Nor Saracen nor Jew his prowess fear'd;
 Nor ACRON's hardy band nor SOLDAN fell,
 COLONNA's name alone he burnt to quell,
 (A cruel foe!) nor God, nor Man rever'd!

* Boniface VIII.

XVI.

The faintly garb preserv'd my soul—in vain
 My fasts, my hairy gown, and girding chain!—
 Not royal CONSTANTINE more warmly pray'd
 'The healing boon of old SYLVESTER's hand
 Than HE, to lure me from the peaceful stand,
 And to his bloody schemes secure my aid.

XVII.

He saw my doubts, and thus enforc'd his plea:
 "See! and adore this Heav'n-disclosing key:
 I speak—and lo! thy sins are lost in air.
 Then with thy counsel aid my levy'd pow'rs,
 To whelm the pride of PENESTRINA's tow'rs,
 For now no * timid Hermit fills the chair."

* Such as Celestine V. had been, whom he had persuaded to abdicate.

XVIII.

Trembling, irresolute, and dumb I stood;
 The strong dilemma froze my curdling blood,
 To sink my soul, or meet the Prelate's wrath,
 At last, DAMNATION won—"Advance, I cry'd,
 With solemn oaths thy deep intentions hide;
 Promise at large—but scorn to keep thy faith."

XIX.

Soon I expir'd—and holy FRANCIS came,
 My Patron Saint! in vain my soul to claim;
 A swarthy Plaintiff drove him from his post.
 "What! Hermit! would you wrong the pow'rs
 below,
 The Demon cry'd, your Profelyte must go,
 And march in flames around the Stygian coast."

XX.

XX.

Since first the sage advice his soul betray'd,
 His steps I follow'd faithful as his shade,
 And mark'd him for the Fiends, an easy prey :
 Nor plead the absolving hand, for nought avails
 The potent charm, when long repentance fails,
 And new pollutions drive the spell away.

XXI.

At once his fiery gripe my limbs embrac'd ;
 " Come ! if th' infernal Logic suits thy taste,
 Descend with me, and join the schools below."
 To Minos straight his trembling charge he bore ;
 Intent he heard the black impeachment o'er,
 Then mark'd my lot among the sons of woe."

XXII.

" Be thine, he said, in walking fires to dwell,"
 Since that sad hour, I roam the bounds of Hell,
 Involv'd in mould'ring flames, and vapours blue."
 He ceas'd—the quiv'ring blaze forgot to move,
 For words no more the lab'ring summit strove,
 And, hissing thro' the gloom, the spectre flew.

XXIII.

Onward we pass, and climb the neighb'ring height,
 When far below, confin'd in deeper night,
 We hear the num'rous sons of discord mourn.
 The man that dar'd to loose the kindred tye,
 The long litigious train, and secret spy,
 And double Fiends, and Schismatics forlorn.

END OF CANTO XXVII.

C A N T O XXVIII.

A R G U M E N T.

Next to the Lot of those who had abused or perverted their talents, the Travellers are introduced into the Region of Schismatics, Murderers, and sowers of Sedition; among whom MAHOMET, ALI, CURIO the famous Tribune, and MOSIA, who had first kindled the Flames of Discord in Florence, make the principal Figures.

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C A N T O XXVIII.

I.

O H! fetter'd Soul of Rhyme, how wilt thou range
Around the scene of torment new and strange,
Where Prose despairs, with unencumber'd feet!
Such fields of fate, and floods of gore I saw,
Ev'n Fancy fears the living scene to draw,
And startled Mem'ry shuns the dark retreat!

II.

Or that distinguish'd day, when Alar drew
 The fatal issue around the hostile crew,
 Let *Cannæ's* field no more her triumphs tell,
 Where sad *Æmilius* with his Legions fell,
 And the proud Victor bore the spoils away;
 When old *Apulia* to the Gods complain'd,
 When o'er his shores, with native blood distain'd,
 In slaughter'd heaps the pride of *Latium* lay.

III.

Not *Cannæ's* plain, nor sad *Calabria's* field,
 Where *Guiscard's* † northern bands the foe expell'd;

Or

Where the Romans were conquer'd with prodigious slaughter
 by Hannibal;

† The Norman Knight who first settled in Apulia. From him
 first the illustrious House of Suabia; and next (by a spurious branch)
 the House of Arragon derived their claim to the Crown of the Two
 Sicilies. For an account of the battle here mentioned, see Historical
 Views, annexed. See also Villani, L. 4.

Or *Ceperano**, where the *Norman* fled,
 Or that distinguish'd day†, when *Alard* drew
 The fatal snare around the hostile crew,
 Could match the scenes in lowest *Hell* display'd!

* Where *Manfred*, natural son to *Frederic the Second*, who had usurped the throne of *Naples* from *Conradin* his nephew, was defeated and slain by *Charles of Anjou*.

† At *Tagliacozzo*, where *Conradin*, the rightful heir of *Naples*, was robb'd of his birthright and life by *Charles of Anjou*. (See *History* annexed.) By the advice of *Alard* the van pass'd the ford with *Henry de Cozance*, in the dress of *Anjou*, at their head. They were soon defeated, and *Cozance* slain; whom *Conradin's* men mistaking for the French General, thought the business over, and fell to plundering. Then the French rose from their ambuscade, fell on the disordered foe, and cut them to pieces.—*Conradin* was taken and beheaded. When on the scaffold he threw his glove among the crowd, and begged that some one would carry it to *Peter King of Arragon*, as a mark that he was the rightful heir. It was accordingly carried to him by a Knight of the Family of *Walbourg*, who carry a glove in their arms to this day. *Villani*. Lib. 7.—See *Voltaire Hist. Universelle*.

IV.

Not all the wounds that mark a flying host,
The bosom gor'd, or limb in battle lost,
With this infernal massacre could vye ;
There, sever'd to the chine, and steep'd in blood,
The leading ghost his mangled bosom show'd,
And deep his quiv'ring vitals met the eye.

V.

He look'd aloft ; and soon, with furious mood,
His deadly hand the closing wounds renew'd,
And rent in twain the bloody seat of life.
“ Behold ! and mark my doom, (aloud he cry'd)
Heav'n's Delegate * I seem'd, yet heav'n deny'd,
And scatter'd in her name the seeds of strife.

* Mahomet.

VI.

See! following close behind, a fullen shade *,
 Fresh from the edge of yon ensanguin'd blade ;
 On either shoulder hangs his parted head !
 See ! what a goary stream his locks distil,
 'Twas he that first oppos'd my sov'reign will ;
 And half my pow'rs to foul rebellion led.

VII.

Yon mutilated bands, that, far below,
 In long disastrous march lamenting go,
 For schisms and scandals doom'd, a race impure !
 Heav'n's sacred law in many a land defil'd,
 Grafting on her pure stem their scions wild,
 And now, by turns, the tort'ring hour endure.

* Ali, the first schismatic from the Mahometan faith. The Persians follow his sect, the Turks the sect of Omar.

VIII.

VIII.

The brandish'd blade, at yonder dreadful post,
 Still as they wheel around the bloody coast,
 Mangles the trunks, or lops the limbs away.
 Thence, halting, maim'd, they march; as oft, above,
 They strove to maim the growths of heav'nly love,
 And lead the candidates of bliss astray.

IX.

The bloody breach, at ev'ry fatal round,
 Unites, to feel the new-inflicted wound.—
 But who art thou! that seem'st, with tranquil eye,
 To view the labours of the sentenc'd train?
 Can pray'r or tears delay the blow of pain,
 Or put the dreaded shaft of Vengeance by?

X.

“No tenant of the grave, nor sentenc’d ghost,
 (The Bard reply’d) surveys the darksome coast:—
 Commission’d here he comes, your tribes to view!
 But I, a pris’ner of the tomb, attend,
 Thro’ yonder vale a guiding hand to lend,
 And show the tortures of the sentenc’d crew.”

XI.

The mutilated band, in deep amaze,
 Assembled round, with dark malignant gaze;
 Struck with my fate, forgetful of their own.
 “Bid *Dolcin* * arm in haste! (the foremost said)
Dolcin, the first that feels the *Stygian* blade,
 If e’er again thou seest the golden sun.

XII.

* A noted Heretic in the beginning of the 14th century, whose
 sect, pretending to follow the letter of the gospel, had all things in
 common.

XII.

In vain the snowy storm delays the war;
 The foe, sagacious of his track afar,
 Shall hunt him for his life!" He said, and fled.
 Then, with his weasand pierc'd, another ghost,
 Short of his ears and nose, approach'd our post,
 Thro' the tumultuous crowd, with hasty tread.

XIII.

With fixed eye and melancholy mood
 The spectre gaz'd, while fast the gushing blood
 Stream'd

common. They were guilty of the most atrocious crimes, and filled the whole north of Italy with confusion. At last they were obliged to retreat to the Apennines, where they stood a sort of siege; till famine, and the inclemency of the weather, obliged them to disperse. Dolcin was taken and executed, with his concubine. Villani, L. viii. 84.

Stream'd from the bubbling channel of his breath.—

“ Oh thou ! (he cry'd) whose high distinguish'd
doom

Sends thee below, unconscious of a tomb,

Remember *Pedro* † in the world beneath !

XIV.

And should'st thou e'er review the golden day,

Or o'er *Vercelli's* coast delighted stray,

Where

† Piero di Meduina, who had sown dissention between the families of Fano and Malatesta of Rimini ; one consequence of which was, the tragical death of Guido and Angiolello, who, on a pretended reconciliation, were seduced on board by Lanciotto Malatesta, Tyrant of Rimini (the same that had murdered his wife and brother, see Canto v.) and thrown into the sea. The incendiary is here described as endeavouring to prevent their doom, lest their death, the consequence of his villany, should heap more condemnation on himself. *Londino Ventuletto in loc.*

Where to *Marcabo* steals the gentle vale,
 Tell *Fano's* Chiefs, a brave, unhappy pair,
 Whom late my deadly arts involv'd in war,
 To keep the land, and shun the tempting fall.

XV.

The one-ey'd Chief, that rules the western shore,
 Solicits them on board, and dips the oar.—
 Ye *Cyprian* Cliffs, and Old *Majorca*, tell!
 Did e'er the flood, whose azure arms unfold
 Your lofty strand, a fouler deed behold
 Of roving *Algerine* or Pirate fell?

XVI.

I see the victims leave the *Tuscan* steep!
 I see them plunge amid the circling deep!

If aught of future things the Dead foreknow.
 See! on the prow exults the Traitor King!
 And lo! his slaves the noble captives bring,
 And plunge relentless in the gulf below!"

XVII.

"If your request you wish to *Fano* borne,
 Name yonder Shade! (I cry'd) who walks forlorn,
 With dark, malicious mien, and eyes of fire?"
Pedro reply'd, "Tho' silent now he stands,
 His tongue could move the *Cæsarean* bands†
 To deeds of lawless rage, for sordid hire!"

XVIII.

He quell'd the doubts in *Cæsar's* mounting soul;
 And shew'd afar the bright imperial goal:

† *CURIO*, the factious Roman Tribune, whose advice, according to *Lucan*, had great weight with *Cæsar*, in inducing him to cross the *Rubicon*.

But soon his impious tongue the forfeit paid !
Then, with determin'd hand, he open'd wide
The villain's mouth, that pour'd a crimson'd tide,
Where the maim'd tongue with fruitless motion
play'd."

XIX.

Dismember'd of his hands, the next appear'd ;
Aloft his mutilated arms he rear'd,
And o'er his visage rain'd a bloody show'r.—
" Be *Mosca's* § name (he cry'd) for ever curst !
Behold the wretch, whose factious weapon first
The streets of *Florence* dy'd in civil gore !"

§ The first incendiary who began the quarrel between the Guelfs and Ghibellines at Florence. He was of the family of Amedie, and killed a gentleman of the race of Buondelmonte, to avenge a slight put on a Lady related to him. See History annexed. See also Villani, L. 7. and Machiavel, L. 1, 2.

XX.

“ Plague of thy native land ! ” (incens’d I cry’d ;)
 Nor added more ; for now the mournful shade,
 Struck by my voice, with quicken’d pace retires.—
 But hence, ye Race profane ! ye Sceptics, hence !
 New horrors rise, and unknown scenes commence,
 Whose firm belief a purged mind requires.

XXI.

Guided by holy truth, I dare unfold
 What never Poet sung in days of old :—
 Behind the *Florentine*, a headless man
 Appear’d. The rigid trunk its way pursu’d
 To the high barrier where, amaz’d, I stood,
 Led by the tumult of the distant van.

XXII.

By the long locks the gasping head he bore,
 The pallid face besmear'd with recent gore,
 Seem'd like a lamp, to guide his steps aright;
 Still sep'rate, yet still on, they march'd along,
 The ready feet pursue the hasty throng,
 Led by the trembling eye's malignant light.

XXIII.

Slow rising, from beneath the visage fell,
 The wondrous organ thus began to tell
 His dreadful tale:—"O Son of Earth! attend,
 On whom the fates a wondrous pow'r bestow,
 Alive to see the tenements of woe,
 And with strange lenity thy doom suspend!"

XXIV.

XXIV.

BELTRAM * behold ! the plague of England's heir,
 Who bade young JOHN his bloody banners rear
 Against his royal Sire, and claim the crown.
 See ! headless, how I march, a bleeding bust !
 A well-proportion'd doom to breach of trust,
 And hateful feuds in kindred bosoms sown !"

* Or Bertram de Bourn, a Norman Knight, who spirited up
 John of England to rebel against his father, Henry the Second.

END OF CANTO XXVIII.

1841

1841

I have been thinking of you very much lately
and wondering how you are getting on
I hope you are well and happy
I have been very busy lately
but I have not forgotten you
I have been thinking of you very much lately
and wondering how you are getting on
I hope you are well and happy
I have been very busy lately
but I have not forgotten you

I have been thinking of you very much lately
and wondering how you are getting on
I hope you are well and happy
I have been very busy lately
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I have been very busy lately
but I have not forgotten you

I have been thinking of you very much lately
and wondering how you are getting on
I hope you are well and happy
I have been very busy lately
but I have not forgotten you

Ne

C A N T O XXIX.

A R G U M E N T,

Next to the CIRCLE OF SEDITION succeeds the Region allotted to the punishment of Alchemists, fraudulent Projectors, and other Impostors of that sort ; who are described under several kinds of torture, various as their crimes : Among these the Poet meets Griffolino of Arezzo, a famous Projector, and Cappocchio of Siena, a Professor of the occult Philosophy.

C. A. N. T. O. XXXIX

A. R. C. N. E. XXXIX

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C A N T O XXIX.

I.

THUS maim'd, with many a wound, the dismal train

I saw, in long procession o'er the plain

Lamenting march, 'till sorrow dimm'd my sight:

At length the Mantuan Bard exclaim'd, "Forbear!

Why ever thus distil the fruitless tear,

And mourn in vain the sentenc'd bands of night?"

II.

Mean'st thou on this exalted point to stand,
 And fondly number o'er the wailing band,
 That mark with streaming gore the Stygian path?
 —No slight survey can reach the mighty sum,
 For seven Cimmerian leagues are yet to come,
 Hid by their Legions in the fields beneath.

III.

Come on!—the fatal moments fleet away!
 And, far beneath our feet, with upward ray
 The * Moon beholds the rising world below.
 Far other thoughts the passing moments claim,
 A slender space assign'd to deathless fame,
 Which onward leads us thro' the vale of woe."

* The Antipodes.

IV.

IV.

" No trivial cause, I cry'd, my steps detain'd !"
Still bent on haste the Bard my suit disdain'd.

" Oh ! Father, stay, I cry'd, a kindred voice,
Ascending from the deep, my hearing wounds—
There ! there again ! I hear the well-known sounds,
And yonder stalks the shade in foul disguise." †

V.

" Solemn the Bard reply'd, the hour is past,
Presume not thou the gift of Heav'n to waste !

† Geri de Bello, of the family of Alighiere, and nearly related to Dante. He was killed in consequence of a religious dispute, and his death not revenged till thirty years after. What his condemnation was founded on is not known.

Thou

Thou might'st have seen thy kindred shade before,
When BORNIO's tale thy first attention held ;
I saw him leave his rank, by rage impell'd,
Survey thy form, and menace from the shore.

VI.

No pious hand a kinsman's blood repaid,
Still unaveng'd he walks, a goary shade ;
Thence swells his rage, and thence his sorrows flow !
Then deign those sympathizing tears to spare !"
In vain I pray'd, my words were lost in air.
Broke by new clamours from the gulph below.

VII.

Sublime I stood, above the dismal found,
And loud, loud shrieks the hearing seem'd to wound,
Stunn'd

Stunn'd by the tumult of the Stygian throng ;—
 —A while it paus'd ;—again, distinct, and clear,
 The full, infernal choir assail'd the ear,
 And Hell's wide vault with execrations rung.

VIII.

My guarding hands the hearing sense defend,
 And stooping down, I see from end to end
 The various scene !—But not *Sardinia's* strand,
 Not all the pois'nous steams that *August* breeds,
 Not all the plagues that haunt *Maromma's* reeds,
 Match'd the contagion of the *Lazar* band.

IX.

Pregnant with lep'rous scents, the loaded gale
 Still breath'd infection round the dusky vale,

The

The dusky vale a gen'ral groan returns ;
 Stern Justice here the scourge in venom steeps,
 And deals her various plagues around the deeps,
 Th' impostor crew the sore affliction mourns.

X.

O'er old *Ægina* † thus, as Poets sing,
 The Demon spread her pestilential wing,
 While gasping life the trembling isle forfook ;
 'Till busy ants, by wondrous change endu'd
 With human shape, the failing race renew'd,
 And Man's imperial form exulting took.

† Alluding to the story told by Ovid. L. 7. of the depopulation of *Ægina*, by a pestilence, and a colony of ants changed into men. They were the fathers of Achilles's myrmidons, whose name in Greek signifies ants.

XL

In putrid heaps dispers'd, the Lazar train,
 With foul contagion fill the groaning plain,
 And scarce we labour'd thro' the noisome throng :
 Some fat desponding, some with reptile pace
 Dragg'd on their loaded limbs from place to place,
 And some in fordid misery lay along.

XII.

Against each other prefs'd an hideous pair,
 With lep'rous limbs emboss'd, and matted hair
 As tiles contiguous fence the falling hail ;
 Nor plies the groom with more industrious speed
 The grating comb in some distinguish'd steed,
 Than those ill-omen'd Fiends their limbs unscale.

XIII.

XIII.

Thus flies the fenciful coat before the blade
 From luscious bream or turbot disarray'd,
 "So may your hands the odious task sustain, †
 The Mantuan cry'd, ye souls propitious ! tell,
 If any Florentine in durance dwell,
 Within the bound'ries of your sad domain."

XIV.

† The translator has abridged this odious description as much as was compatible with any degree of clearness. The early poets of the middle age described every thing, however disgusting, with great minutencs. — Spenser has this fault, among his various excellencies. This sometimes creates aversion, but often shews an intimate knowledge of the subject whatever it be. This particularity may indeed be carried too far ; but Poets sometimes by avoiding it, run into more general terms, and lose those beautiful specific marks of things, the selection of which in description is one criterion of a true genius. To give examples of this, every rhymers can talk of listening waves, but Cowley gives the specific mark, with him "they listen towards the shore."

XIV.

Straight one of them reply'd, " thy search is o'er ;
Behold a sentenc'd pair from Arno's shore !
But who art thou ! and why thy strange request ?"
" I come, the Mantuan cry'd, by Heav'n's command,
To guard a mortal down the Stygian strand,
And show, in sad review, the tribes unblest."

XV.

Shrieking, asunder part the hideous pair,
And view me o'er with looks of wan despair,

shore." Every pastoral poet in the sound of Bowbell can sing of the verdure of the spring, but GRAY'S APRIL clothes the fields in tender green, such as one only sees for a fortnight in the beginning of that season.

And all the thronging Lazars croud around,
An hideous crew! the Mantuan saw my dread,
And “ feize at once the moment given, he said,
To learn the wonders of the world profound.”

XVI.

Then, turning round, I thus the pair address’d:
“ If still your name, on Arno’s shore confest,
Survive the wreck of years, your crimes disclose.
Nor tho’ the ignominious plague assail
Your loaded limbs, and fill the tainted gale,
Disdain to tell the process of your woes.”

XVII.

“ My birth *Arezzo* claims, the first reply’d,
I fell to sooth a spurious minion’s pride.

A fond

A fond believing fool, whose mad desire
 I mock'd with schemes of necromantic sleight,
 To raise on airy plumes his leaden weight,
 His cruel father doom'd me to the fire! †

XVIII.

But chemic arts my final sentence seal'd,
 And Heav'n's relentless doom my soul compell'd
 To join the dark metallic tribe below.
 Hail! hail, SIENA! nurse of ev'ry crime,
 Not deeper stains deform the barbarous clime,
 Nor stigmatize the GAULS dishonour'd crew.

† Grifolino of Arezzo, a famous Alchemist and projector. He drew great sums from Alberto, natural son to the bishop of Sienna, under pretence of teaching him the art of flying. The affair came at last to the bishop's knowledge, who delivered him over to the secular arm for professing unlawful arts.—What havock the good bishop would have made among our aerostatic gentry!

XIX.

I spoke, ironic thus a lep'rous shade,
 Young *Stricca* † only, by his mates betray'd
 To foul intemp'rate waste, and *Colas* † name,
 Great Chief! for culinary arts renown'd,
 Whose poignant fauce the glutton tribe resound,
 And *Caccias* bleeding vines exception claim.

XX.

And let the vile *Abbagliato* go
 In dark oblivion to the shades below,

† A young and noble Florentine, member of a Club of young men, who vied with each other which would spend their patrimony soonest.

† The Apicius and Catius of his time.

With

With all his foul confed'rates of the sty!
 There let them lie promiscuous in the pit,
 Too low for Satire's keenest shaft to hit,
 Among the tribes of low intemp'rate joy!

XXI.

Nor wonder in the world below to hear
Siena's various crimes salute thine ear!
 But view at leisure this disfigur'd face.
 If sad *Capocchio* ¶ still thou deign'st to own,
 For mystic arts of transmutation known,
 Who lov'd with thee the *secret world* to trace!

¶ The companion of Dante for some time in physical studies, which he afterwards changed for the Occult Science, as Alchymy was then called. The cheats of Alchymists are very humourously described in the Chanon's Yeoman's Tale of Chaucer.

XXII.

How oft', in native innocence of heart

I saw you wonder at the mimic art!

—But soon my hand forsook the trivial toil

For bolder frauds, and taught the baser ore

To match the genuine gold of *India's* shore,

And fell a victim to the fatal guile."

END OF CANTO XXIX.

C A N T O X X X .

A R G U M E N T .

The POET continues to describe the different species of Fraud. In this Canto he gives an account of two other kinds of it, and their punishments. The first, of those who had been guilty of imposition under fictitious names; and the second, of those who had by fictitious tales completed their fraudulent purposes. Among them are found MYRRHA and POTIPHAR'S wife, SIMON the Greek, and ADAM, a native of BRESICA, in Italy.

C. A. M. T. O. XXX.

A R G U M E N T.

The first committee to describe the different species
of birds. In this sense he gives an account of
two other kinds of birds and their arrangements. The
first of these birds had been guilty of imposition
under British laws; and the second of those
who had been guilty of imposition under British
laws. Among them are found many
and Pottier's birds, Simon the Great, and
again, a notice of Pottier, in 1811.

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C A N T O XXX.

I.

OF old, when *Juno* burnt with jealous ire*,
 And pleas'd, her rival saw in flames expire;
 Yet still her hapless family pursu'd.
 The furious King address'd the trembling throng:
 "Seize yon wild savage! and destroy her young;"
 Then chas'd his consort to the raging flood.

II.

* Alludes to *Juno's* jealous revenge on *Semele* her rival, and her subsequent persecution of the family; particularly, her inspiring *Athamas*

II.

Soon from the Queen he forc'd the screaming child,
 And the rude rocks with infant gore defil'd—
 With the remaining son the mother fled :
 And up the neighb'ring cliff with frenzy flew,
 Then down herself, and *Melicerta* threw
 A welcome weight to *Thetis'* oozy bed.

Athamas with madness, when he mistook his wife and children for a wild beast and her young ones, and pursued them to the Cliffs of Cithæron ; where, after he killed one, she threw herself, with the other, into the sea. Ovid, B. 3, 4.

St. 3—4. allude to the madness of Hecuba, owing to the misfortunes of her family, and her subsequent transformation, as described by Ovid and Euripides. B. C. 13.

The Poet introduces this Canto with two similies, to give a stronger idea of the afflicting disorder which he next describes. He seems to hint, that they were tormented with a disorder like canine madness, as they are described with all the symptoms of it.

III.

III.

Then fate her unresisted pow'r to shew,
 Had laid the heav'n-built walls of *Ilium* low,
 And swept away old *Priam's* num'rous race.
 The frantic Queen beheld her slaughter'd lord,
 And grimly smil'd, to see the ruffian's sword
 With wanton rage his reverend form deface.

IV.

Her beauteous daughter's fate renew'd the wound ;
 But when her *Polydore* the mother found,
 Stretch'd on the sand, her tears forgot to flow ;
 In notes canine her human voice was lost,
 And soon, transform'd, along her native coast,
 The royal savage howl'd in endless woe.

V.

V.

But *Thebes*, nor *Ilium*, with their plagues combin'd,
 Equal'd the pair in moon-struck madness join'd ;
 Who cours'd the nether world with whirlwind speed,
 Gnashing his iron teeth the foremost flew,
 And headlong to the ground *Cappocchio* drew,
 Beneath his savage fangs I saw him bleed.

VI.

With horrent hair amaz'd, his neighbour stood,
 And saw, in silent woe, the scene of blood ;
 While trembling thus, I breath'd my ardent pray'r,
 " Tell, *Grifolin* ! while yet 'tis given to tell !
 Ere yon Demoniac's hands your utt'rance quell,
 Why conscience stings to rage the bloody pair ?"

VII.

VII.

“ The first is she †, the trembling sinner cry’d,
 Who, lost to shame, her mother’s place supply’d;
 While deep nocturnal shades the deed conceal’d.
Donati’s meagre look the second stole,
 And sign’d for him the testamental scroll,
 His injur’d son in vain the fraud reveal’d.”

† For the story of Myrrha, see Ovid, B. 10. Her companion described here as tortured with canine madness, was Gian Schicci, whose story is thus told by the old Commentators:—“ A Gentleman, of the family of Donati, happened to take his last illness at the house of a relation, Simon Donati, and died suddenly. Simon concealed his death, got the body removed, and persuaded Shicci (a man of a cadaverous complexion) to take his place in the bed, and sign a will in the presence of competent witnesses, which he had previously drawn up in his own favour, and in prejudice of young Donate, the right heir. When this was done, the impostor rose, the dead body was replaced, and the funeral was ordered with due decorum. The matter was first suspected by a present which Donate made to Schicci of a beautiful mare, of great value, known by the name of *La Donna di Torma*, The Queen of the Troop. LAN-
 DINO.

VIII.

VIII.

He ended scarce, when o'er the sable waste,
 With tyger-footed rage the felons past :
 I turn'd me round, their brother fiends to view,
 When lo ! a formless man in dropsies lost,
 Stretch'd his unwieldy limbs along the coast,
 A bloated form ! with face of sickly hue.

IX.

The fluid plague his mighty limbs oppress'd,
 And fill'd with watry load his groaning chest.
 While hectic pantings strain'd his lab'ring jaws.
 Intense, eternal thirst his bowels burn'd,
 The draught deny'd by fate, the pris'ner mourn'd,
 And loudly barr'd her unrelenting laws.

X.

“ Ye souls, that range around the Stygian plain,
 (Oh! partial Heav’n!) without the sense of pain;
 Gasping, he cry’d, ADAMO’S † fate behold,
 Heav’n’s choicest gifts my fordid hand abus’d:
 And now, alas! the cooling drop refus’d,
 For ever mocks my raging thirst of gold.

XI.

Ye rills, that wander down ROMENA’S steep,
 Till ARNO bears your treasures to the deep,

Why

† A native of Brescia, eminently skilled in metallurgy. For a stipulated reward, he agreed with the Count of Romena, Guido and his brother, to debase the current coin, by which his employers were suddenly enriched: but poor Adamo was detected and condemned to the flames for “unlawful arts.” The illusions of fancy, that aggravate his punishment, are beautifully described in that fine apostrophe to the Waterfalls of Cæsentino.

Why thus with murmurs soft delude mine ear?
 Ye empty warblers! leave me to repose!
 Nor rouse to rage my fell, peculiar woes,
 Enough for me the dropsey's load to bear.

XII.

And, oh! ye sacred founts! ye favour'd climes!
 Ye shady scenes! that saw my hidden crimes!
 Haunt me not thus; nor aid the pains of Hell!
 Still, still I see fair CAsENTINO's shore!
 Where first I dar'd to spoil the sterling ore,
 And, sentenc'd to the flames, unpitied fell!

XIII.

Could I but once the villain GUIDO view!
 Or AGHINOLF among the Stygian crew;

Were

Were all SIENA with her streams in dow'r
On me bestow'd, to bathe in cool delight,
I'd give them all to buy the welcome fight!—
I'd give them all to feel them in my pow'r.

XIV.

Those frantic souls that range the world of woe,
Have seen the brother felons far below;
But oh! those dropfy'd limbs their aid deny.
Twelve hundred waning moons would end their
race,
Ere these poor legs could measure out a pace,
Else would my weary feet the journey try.

XV.

Altho' four tedious leagues their lot extends,
And thus the watry load my body bends;

Yet gladly would I bear the arduous toil,
To see the youths whose wily tongues ensnar'd
My soul ! whose wily hands the plunder shar'd,
And left to me the labour of the file."

XVI.

" Yet, ere we part, I cry'd, their names disclose,
From whom yon' sullen fume incessant flows,
As the hand steams in winter's frozen wave."
" When first, he said, from yonder world I fell,
I found below these Denizens of Hell,
Twin-tenants of the deep Tartarean cave.

XVII.

For ever pining thus they lie forlorn,
The first is she that paid the *Hebrew's* * scorn

With

* The story of Potiphar's wife is well known.

With accusations foul and deadly hate,
 Old SINON* next reclines his burning head,
 And feels the fever thro' his vitals spread;
 Hark! how he raves beneath its fervid weight!"

XVIII.

Incens'd to hear the story of his shame,
 The felon started from his couch of flame,
 And struck the Florentine with hollow sound.
 His dropfy'd womb return'd the feeble blow;
 The Tuscan soon with rage began to glow,
 And stroke for stroke return'd, and wound for
 wound.

* For the story of Sinon, who persuaded the Trojans, by a feigned tale, to break down their walls and receive a wooden horse filled with their enemies, see Virgil, L. 2.

XIX.

With leaden weight the pond'rous hand descends,
No more the conqueror of TROY contends

“ My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free.†”

ADAM exulting cry'd, the Greek exclaims

“ Why slept thy valour then among the flames,
When shouting legions mock'd thy arts and thee?

XX.

You better knew to melt the mimic ore.”

“ Ah! cry'd his foe, if thus in days of yore,
You follow'd truth, the walls of TROY had stood.”
At once the Greek reply'd, “ I earn'd my lot,
In my first failure, by damnation-caught,
But countless crimes thy parting soul pursu'd!

† Borrowed from Samson Agonistes.

XXI.

“ Think on the hollow steed, the COINER cry’d,
And hide thy head ! in deep damnation hide !”
“ And let thy watry paunch, the Greek rejoin’d,
And burning tongue thy blameless life attest.
See ! see ! thy limbs with liquid weight oppress’d,
That scarcely leave the human form behind.

XXII.

Trembling the Tuscan cry’d, inflam’d with ire,
“ Can pining dropfy match the fever’s fire ?
Will that ill-omen’d tongue no respite know ?
Oh ! wou’d to Heav’n or Hell I knew the strain,
Whose spell could bid thee leave the bed of pain,
And seek NARCISSUS’ limpid stream below † !”

XXIII.

† In the original, “ I believe you would not require much pressing to lick the looking-glass of Narcissus ;” *i. e.* the fountain where
he

XXIII.

Long had I listen'd to the uncouth fray ;

“ At length, if thus you linger by the way,

I leave

he fell in love with his shadow.—Selection of language was not yet known ; Dante, as he describes every thing, often makes use of the words that first offer. this gives his stile sometimes a flat, prosaic aspect, but its general characteristic is venerable simplicity, and his sublimity depends on the thought alone.

It is a wonder we have not such scenes oftner in Dante as this between Adam of Brescia and Sinon of Troy. Far from degrading the subject, it rather seems very consistent with Dante's constant design, to shew the human character in all its varieties. In the Inferno some express their feelings for others, some feel for themselves.

“ The tender for another's pain,

“ Th' unfeeling for their own.”

Some bear their afflictions with a kind of sullen fortitude ; and, to incorrigible natures, it only serves to exasperate their malignity. All these phænomena often appear in the suffering of criminals, even here. That the sense of their torments should wake the sympathy of the condemned, and their fears for those who may be in danger of

a like

I leave my charge, the angry Poet said,"
 Like one I stood whom trembling dreams affright,
 Who seems o'er hanging cliffs to urge his flight
 In vain, with feeble limbs, and mind dismay'd.

XXIV.

Th' unreal danger thus I strove to ward,
 And trembling sunk beneath his stern regard ;
 While

a like sentence, cannot seem incongruous to those who remember the pathetic supplication of the rich man for his brethren, (Luke. xvi. 27, 28.)—Had Dr. Scot, the author of *The Christian Life*, been a Poet, and chosen to diversify his view of the infernal world with proper characters and incidents, we should probably have had many scenes like that between Adam of Brescia and Sinon. He is at the same time a solid reasoner, and possessed of a strong imagination; but he seems to delight in the terrible and tremendous more than even Dante himself; and he has nothing of Dante's pathos. The demons of the Florentine are mild, placable beings, compared with those of the old Divine; they are as different almost as the light aerial spells of Oberon, and the horrible incantations of the Fatal Sisters, in Gray.—See *Spectator*, No. 447; see also, A Summary of the Third Chapter of the First Book of *The Christian Life*, at the end of the Notes.

While lame excuses faulter'd on my tongue.
 But MARO soon dispell'd my rising fear :
 " Thy fault is gone, he cry'd, resume thy chear,
 I see thy soul by deep contrition stung !

XXV.

Henceforward when the Fiends begin to jar,
 Be cautious thou ! and shun the wordy war ;
 Think on thy hopes, and quench the low desire.
 Depart with me, and let the Demons rage ;
 Let not the ceaseless brawl thine ear engage,
 And damp the mounting flame of heav'nly fire."

END OF CANTO XXX.

C A N T O XXXI.

A R G U M E N T.

The Poets arrive at the ninth Region, divided into four circles, where four species of perfidy are punished. Around the verge he finds a Guard of Giants; among whom he sees NIMROD, EPHIALTES, and ANTÆUS, with several others, real or fabulous. By the last they are assisted in their journey over the Frontiers.

CANTO

THE voice that touch'd my heart with gentleness
And ting'd my glowing cheeks with crimson tinge
Found in the lowly palace and heal'd the wound
That in the footling trifles fled
The cruel blow could never give or deal
And still the bleeding wound was in a fold

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C A N T O XXXI.

I.

THE voice that touch'd my heart with gen'rous
pain,

And ting'd my glowing cheeks with crimson stain,
Pour'd in the sov'reign balm, and heal'd the wound.

Thus, as the Poets sing, PELIDES steel

The cruel blow could either give or heal,

And raise the bleeding warrior from the ground.

II.

II.

And now we left the dismal vale behind,
And climb'd the barrier which its plagues confin'd,
In silence roaming round the world of woe.
Guided along by that malignant light,
'That less than morning seem'd, and more than night,
Pale, gleaming from the frozen lake below.

III.

But now the trumpet, terrible afar,
Pour'd thro' the Stygian world the blast of war;
Not ROLAND'S *horn in RONCESVALLES field, †
Startled the air with half so loud a strain,
When GALLIA'S Heroes press'd the bloody plain,
And CHARLEMAGNE resign'd the tilied shield.

IV.

* The horn was blown by the ghost of that mighty hunter Nimrod. † When Charlemagne, (according to Turpin) had con-

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IV.

Now o'er the gloomy vale with sharpen'd sight
 I look'd, when, seen by dim and dubious light,
 A range of lofty steeples seem'd to rise.

"O Sire! the wonders of the deep declare,"
 I cry'd;—and MARO thus: "The dusky air
 And rising fogs confuse your mortal eyes.

quered part of Spain, he sent Gano, or Ganelone, Lord of Maganza, the famous Traitor in Ariosto, to the two Saracen commanders that remained, with an alternative either to leave christendom, or be baptized. They corrupted Gano, who betrayed the counsels of Charlemagne to them, and advised them with part of their forces, to give Orlando, the nephew of Charlemagne, battle, in the Pyrenees, and to conceal a strong ambuscade near the place of engagement. They took their measures accordingly, and engaged Orlando at Roncesvalles. The veteran French soon put them to flight, but in the disorder of pursuit they were attacked by the Moorish ambuscade, with great slaughter. There was a large party of French at some distance. Orlando sounded his wonderful horn to let them know his distress, but the extraordinary effort had a very tragical effect on himself.—Vid. *Suite de Roland le Furieux* par M. Rossiet, 4to, a Paris 1644. See also Mr. Hayley's *Essay on History*. Notes on the second epistle.

V.

But soon thou may'st behold her wonders near!
 Come! follow on your friend, devoid of fear!
 And know in yonder gulph the giant brood,
 Old *Anak's* sons, and *Pblegras* bands renown'd,
 In tow'ring squadrons man the gulph around,
 Fix'd to the middle in the frozen flood."

VI.

As when the mist forsakes the mountain's height,
 And her tall rocks emerge in open light,
 In dread magnificence the Stygian scene,
 Nor monstrous births disclos'd, a prospect dire!
 As round some fort the cloud-capt tow'rs aspire,
 So stood the portly race with haughty mien.

VII.

VII.

Embodied thus on PELION's hills they strove,
 And proudly fac'd the flaming bolts of Jove.
 But nearer now, their lineaments deform,
 And ample breasts, we saw with pale dismay
 Their formidable arms that cross'd the bay,
 And dauntless heads sublime that brav'd the storm.

VIII.

NATURE in mercy left the deadly trade,
 And souls no more in Giant limbs array'd,
 Lest mighty MARS should lay the world in blood.
 Nature, whose hand the Elephant confines,
 Who to the Whale the watry world assigns,
 Forbid with kindred gore to tinge the flood.

IX.

But not the forest tribes, nor finny race,
 With equal rage their native walks deface,
 As he whose deadly arm by reason's light
 Directed falls, and mocks the warding hand ;
 Conspiring realms in vain his pow'r withstand,
 In vain embattled hosts defend their right.

X.

With helmed head like *Peter's* dome sublime,
 We saw their Gen'ral front the horrid clime ;
 The sloping bank his middle round embrac'd,
 But three tall *Frisians* from the icy main,
 All end-long rang'd would stretch their arms in vain,
 To reach his shoulders from his ample waist.

XI.

XI.

A symphony of *Babel* sounds he pour'd,
Fit Anthem for such Fiend! and sternly lowr'd,
"Restrain thy brutal rage, the Bard reply'd,
Or thro' thy clam'rous horn thy fury spend,
That seems adown thy bosom to depend,
To thy strong neck by links of iron ty'd!"

XII.

Then thus to me, "The barb'rous tongue betrays
That chief whose bold ambition dar'd to raise
On *Tygris* banks the Heav'n-defying tow'r,
'Till discord, sent from Heav'n his tribes among
Seal'd ev'ry ear, and fetter'd ev'ry tongue,
While jarring millions own'd her wayward pow'r.

XIII.

A medley of all tongues, to all unknown,
The monster speaks, a language quite his own,
Nor knows the meaning of the mongrel sounds.
Nor thou expect his speech to understand,
Tho' ev'ry dialect of ev'ry land
Were thine, thro' all the peopled world around."

XIV.

Far to the left we saw the barrier wind,
And, lo ! another monstrous form reclin'd
Against the rock in gloomier durance lay.
A mighty arm his sinewy strength had bound,
And links of adamant were twisted round,
His limbs, fatigued with many a vain essay.

XV.

“ There * *EPIALTES* mourns, the Mantuan cry’d,
 Whose deadly arm the bolt of Jove defy’d.
 The fiercest Chief that warr’d on *PHLEGRA*’s plain.
 Those horrible, strong hands that shook the sky,
 Deep chain’d below in frosty fetters lie,
 For ever plung’d in yonder icy main!

XVI.

“ Tell if in yonder gulph *ÆGEAN* raves;
 Or say, in which of those *Tartarean* caves

* One of the Giants, who according to Mythological History warred against Jove.—See *Æneid* 6. *Ovid. Metam.* 1 *Fab.* 3, *Virg. Georgic* 1 ad fin.

The grieved tenant dwells."—With eager haste
 I spoke—and thus return'd the gentle Ghost:
 "Yonder he shudders in eternal frost,
 And sternly sad surveys the polar waste.

XVII.

And there *Antæus* roams with lib'ral pace,
 Sole unconfin'd of all the Giant race,
 And waits to waft us down the dismal steep."
 He spoke, and fled: for gath'ring fast behind,
 Loud execrations fill'd the passing wind,
 And heaving earthquakes seem'd to shake the deep.

XVIII.

I turn'd around, and saw with pale affright,
 Where *Ephialtes* strove with all his might

His

His arms to free, and shook the stony bar.
 On me he seem'd to rush with frantic cry,
 Fate in his hand, and horror in his eye,
 Trembling I shunn'd with speed th' unequal war,

XIX.

At length emerging from his horrid cave,
 We saw our † griesly Guide his stature heave,
 "Lord of the Lion-Tribe! renown'd of old,
 In those fam'd fields that saw the Punic shame,
 Where Scipio's hand retriev'd the Roman name,
 The Mantuan cry'd, thy fated charge behold !

† The story of Antæus wrestling with Hercules, and recovering new strength when he touched his mother earth, and at last, being throttled in the air, is told with great spirit by Lucan.—Pharsalia Lib. 4. It is imitated by Ariosto and Spenser.

XX.

Hadst thou on Phlegra's plain the combat led
 The great Olympian Chief had bow'd his head,
 But gentler tasks thy present aid demand,
 Nor thou averse the gentle task disclaim.
 Behold the Bard that gives eternal fame,
 Whose deathless strains requite thy friendly hand,

XXI.

For still he lives confin'd to mortal views,
 Still doom'd to meditate the thankless Muse,*
 Unless preventing Grace abridge his stay.
 Obscure he journies thro' the world of woe,
 And waits thy welfare to the gulph below,
 Where pale Cocytus fills the frozen bay."

* SPENSER.

XXII.

XXII.

Those hands, whose dreadful gripe Alcides fear'd,
 He stretch'd, and from the ground the Mantuan rear'd,
 To me the Bard with arms instinctive clung,
 Like Carisenda's tow'r the Giant stood,
 Portentous leaning o'er Bologna's flood
 With louring frogs around his turrets hung.

XXIII.

Sinking at length, the central gulph we gain,
 Where Lucifer commands the frozen plain,
 And old Iscariot heads the horrid crew,
 Reclining breathless on the shore unblest'd,
 We saw the Lybian rear his stately crest,
 Spring like a mast, and tow'r above the view.

END OF CANTO XXXI.

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C A N T O . XXXII.

A R G U M E N T.

In the GULF OF CAINA, the second region of the last circle, the Poet sees the punishment of Fratricide; and in the third, called ANTENOA, he learns the doom of Treason. In the first he finds the soul of Alberto Camiscione, a noble Florentine; and in the second, he sees the Spirit of Bocca Abate. From them he learns the names of their respective companions.

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C A N T O XXXII.

I.

OH! could I tune my consummating strain,
To sing the terrors of the frozen main,
“With other notes than to th’ *Orphean* lyre!”*
Ye Sons of *HADES*, come, ye sentenc’d throng,
With your *Infernal* anthem swell the song,
Fit for the concert of the *Stygian* choir,

* *Milion.*

II.

II.

Hail ! central Horrors ! hail ! accept the lay ;
 No infant voice ye claim ! no faint essay !
 O ! teach the Muse to sweep, with bolder wing,
 The wintry gulph, and reach the world's extreme ;
 O ! teach her with a voice that suits her theme,
 To bid the theatre of *Hades* ring.

III.

And come, ye Maids ! that haunt *Cithæron's* grove,
 Who taught of old *Amphion's* lyre to move
 The list'ning rocks, and raise the wond'rous wall ;
 Survey with me the dark devoted race,
 Whose hideous files possess the central space,
 And curse the happier tenants of the stall !

IV.

IV.

Now from the lofty wall, the giant brood
Beheld us wand'ring o'er the frozen flood,
A dreary polar scene, extending wide!
"O! step with care, (exclaim'd the Mantuan mild)
Nor hurt the hapless crew from Heav'n exil'd,
Whose suppliant faces line the frozen tide!"

V.

From shore to shore, the glassy main I view'd,
Unlike the frosty chain that binds the flood
Of *Danube* old, or *Volga's* silent stream,
When brumal rigours seal his frozen urn,
And o'er his face the Scythian roams forlorn
In wand'ring hordes beneath the lunar beam.

VI.

VI.

Were *Pietrapana* * down in ruin hurl'd,
 Or *Tabernicchia* † thro' the nether world,
 By some coelestial arm with fury sent,
 The everlasting ice that binds below
 Th' interminable main would brave the blow
 Beneath th' eternal weight of hills unbent.

* An high hill near Lucca.

† The loftiest mountain in Sclavonia. For the single asperity of the rhymes, I shall insert the original of this Stanza.

Non fece al corso suo sì grosso velo,
 Di verno la Danoia in Austericch
 Ne l Tanai sotto il fredôo cielo
 Com 'era quivi; che se Tabernicch
 Vifosse su caduto o Pietrapana
 Men avria pur del Orlo feitto Cricch.

VII.

Nor desolate extends the dreary space,
 Like the dark legions of the croaking race,
 When the soft influence of the spring they hail
 With clatt'ring teeth, and stony eyes aghast,
 Immur'd in ice beneath the bitter blast,
 With rigid faces prone the finners wail.

VIII.

The Mantuan's voice my cautious feet repress,
 When front to front, beneath the wintry waste,
 With interwoven looks a pair was seen.—
 "Ah! who are ye, in icy durance held?"
 I cry'd; the Pair their stony lids unseal'd,
 And silent gaz'd around with pensive mein.

IX.

IX.

Scarce had their op'ning eyes reliev'd their pain,
 When forth a briny torrent gush'd amain ;
 Keen breath'd the gale, and froze the falling tide.
 In vain they strove their rigid eyes to close,
 From the seal'd orb the stern suffusion grows,
 And with long icicles their heads divide.

X.

Furious with pain, their clashing fronts engage.
 A third, with ears retrench'd, beheld their rage,
 And cry'd, " Why gaze ye thus with fell delight
 On other's pain ?—but here, perhaps, you stay
 To know the cause of their unnat'ral fray,
 And why the brethren mix in mortal fight.

XI.

XI.

Old *Falterona*'s vale their fire possess'd,
 And to the brethren left the rich bequest ;
 By mutual wounds the bloody, brethren fell †.
 Like the twin-partners of *Bæotia*'s throne,
 Each brother wish'd to rule, and rule alone,
 And plung'd together to the depths of Hell.

XII.

Nor holds *Caina* in her frozen flood
 A fouler pair, nor deeper stain'd with blood ;

† These were the sons of *Alberti di Falterona*, who being left joint heir, and quarrelling about their patrimony, agreed to decide the affair by single combat, and fell by mutual wounds. *Londino*.

Not *Arthur's* son *, with parricide defil'd ;
 Not stern *Foccaccia* †, who his Uncle slew,
 Nor *Mascheron*, whose head obstructs the view,
 Beneath an hoary masque of winter pil'd.

XIII.

And tell (if yet my name ye wish to know)
Trivigna's Lord ¶, that *Pazze* waits below,

And

* Mordred, Arthur's son by his own sister, who killed his father in battle. See *Morte d' Arthur*, part the last. See also, *Reliques of Antient Poetry*, vol. iii. series the first, for the story of the death of Arthur.

† Of the family of Cancelliure, at Pistoria. Besides the assassination of his uncle, he was guilty of an inhuman deed upon a near relation, which was the occasion of the quarrel between the Black and White Factions. *Machiavel Villani*. See *Flor. Hist.* annexed.

‡ Another Florentine, who is said, in the same quarrel, to have killed his uncle.

¶ Camissione Pazzi, another who was guilty of parricide in the same contest.

¶ Carlino, a Gueff, who betrayed Castel Riano to the Ghibellines for a sum of money.

And longs to see him fill the frozen seat.

For tho' a Father's blood my poniard dy'd,

A darker lot, to parricides deny'd,

Waits the Affassin of his parent state !"

XIV.

Onward we pass the dumb devoted throng,

Where, cas'd in blue, chrystalline spheres, along,

A thousand heads the glist'ning valley fill'd ;

A gaunt and wolfish tribe ! the central coast

We fought ; and, shudd'ring in eternal frost,

Her cold and Gorgon hand my bosom chill'd.

XV.

The disembodied spirit fled before,

I followed close along the dismal shore ;

But whether led by fate, or fortune's spite,
 Heedless I stumbled o'er an helmed brow,
 That, cas'd in ice among the tribes below,
 And rising in the path, escap'd my sight.

XVI.

With dull and hollow sound the helmet rung,
 And chill amazement seiz'd my fault'ring tongue
 As thus the captive cry'd, " Inhuman ! say,
 What Fury leads thee thro' the wintry sound,
 To aid our pangs, and double wound on wound !
 Is this the meed of *Montaperti's* * day ?

* Or Valdarlia, where the Guelfs were betrayed into an ambuscade, and defeated with a great slaughter. Bocca Abati, a Guelf leader, who is so unwilling here to discover himself, had been previously corrupted by the Ghibellines, and in the heat of the engagement killed the Guelfish Standard-bearer, which threw the Guelfs into immediate confusion, and the Ghibellines gained the victory. Villani Machiavel, See Canto x. Notes, and Flor. Hist. annexed.

XVII.

Dubious I stood, and thus the Mantuan pray'd :—
 “ O! may I stop, till this devoted shade
 Resolve my doubts, and ease my lab'ring thought !
 He stood. “ Now, Traitor, tell thy crimes,” I cry'd.
 “ And thou ! (the deep blaspheming voice reply'd)
 Say, why thou troublest thus *Antenor's* * lot ?—

XVIII.

Scarce could a mortal give so strong a blow !—
 “ Fear not, (I cry'd) thy fellow-mortal know,
 And one empower'd to give eternal fame.”—
 “ Eternal Furies first thy Soul invade !
 Ere thou allur'st me from Oblivion's shade !—
 Avaunt ! nor seek to aggravate my shame !”

† This infernal district is so named from Antenor, who is said to have betrayed Troy to the Greeks. Dictys Cretensis.

XIX.

XIX.

Fast by the locks I seiz'd the wretch forlorn :—
 “ Disclose thy name ! or thy foul ringlets torn,
 Thou Traitor Slave ! the forfeit soon shall pay.”
 “ Let all thy fury on my head descend !
 (He cry'd) and from the roots my tresses rend,
 My name shall ne'er adorn a Poet's lay.”

XX.

Loudly he rail'd, and curs'd my cruel hand.
 At length, slow murm'ring o'er the frozen strand,
 Those welcome sounds were heard ;—“ Sage *Bacca*,
 tell,
 What *Stygian* note has chang'd thy human voice ?
 —Curse on that canine yell ! that jarring noise !
 Say, does some fiend invade thy frozen cell ?”

XXI.

XXI.

“Villain! (I cry’d) at length I know thy crime!
 That name accurs’d, in sweet *Hesperia*’s clime
 In spite of thee shall live.”—“Nor mine alone
 (The Felon cry’d) behold *Duera* † near,
 Feels the new rigours of the polar year,
 And *Vallombrosa* ‖ fits, with eyes of stone!

XXII.

The ice in vain his fever’d neck conceals,
Maganza † near his warped look reveals,

With

† Lieutenant of Manfred; who, as some say, incited by jealousy of Manfred’s attachment to his wife; or (as others pretend) gained by French gold, gave up the pass of Parmegiano to Charles of Anjou, which cost Manfred his life. See Hist. Flor.

‖ The Pope’s Legate at Florence, who, being detected in a conspiracy to introduce the Ghibellines and crush the Guelfs, was beheaded.

† The famous Gano, who betrayed the Christian army at Roncesvalles. See Canto xxxi. Notes.

With him † who late the *Tuscan* army fold ;
 There *Tribaldello* § like a Gorgon glares,
 And in foul dreams *Faenza's* plunder shares ;
Faenza! fold by night for *Celtic* gold.

XXIII.

Far thence, an hideous pair, together clung,
 Still on the head before the hindmost hung,
 With fasten'd fangs, and quaff'd the streaming gore,
 Just where the hairy scalp begins to join,
 The suppliant's bending neck, with rage canine,
 The furious cannibal his captive tore.

XXIV.

The Furies thus, by sad *Ismeno's* flood,
 Saw *Tydeus* quench his ire in hostile blood.

“ O thou,

† Another Florentine traitor. He was a Ghibelline.

§ A Ghibelline, who opened the gate of *Faenza* to the French, who were brought by *Martin IV.* to suppress the Ghibelline faction.

“ O thou ! whom man’s benignant race disclaims,
 (I cry’d) a while thy horrid feast || forego !
 Say, why th’ eternal fibres seem to grow,
 And why the hideous wound for ever streams ?

XXV.

Perhaps the old tradition of his crime
 Lies buried long beneath the rust of Time ;
 Be mine at least to tell, in open day,
 The traitor’s deeds, and clear thy injur’d name :
 For the long passes to eternal fame
 Are ever open to the Muse’s lay.”

‡ Alludes to the story of Tydeus, who, being wounded mortally by Menalippus at Thebes, had his enemy slain, his head brought to him, and died in the savage manner here described.

END OF CANTO XXXII.

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C A N T O XXXIII.

A R G U M E N T.

The Poet meets the Soul of UGGHOLINO, Count of Pisa, in the Gulph of ANTENORA, who had fallen a sacrifice to the factious arts of RUGGIERI UBALDINI, the Archbishop of Pisa. The condemned Spirit gives him a most affecting detail of the last scene of his life. Thence the Poet proceeds still on towards the Centre; and in the way takes a transient survey of the PTOLEMEAN SOUND, where the Souls of those who had joined Ingratitude with Treason are punished.

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C A N T O XXXIII.

I.

SLOWLY the finner left his bloody meal,
 Then, gazing upwards from the depths of Hell,
 He smooth'd the clotted hair, and thus reply'd :
 " Mortal ! thou bid'st me recollect my doom,
 An horrid scene ! that lives beyond the tomb,
 And stops my speech with sorrow's whelming tide.

II.

II.

And, oh! if aught it grieves the sentenc'd dead,
 In other worlds their infamy to spread,
 Attend—but first the gushing tear will flow.
 I know not whence thou art, nor whose command
 Sent thee, a mortal, to the frozen strand
 To view the wonders of the world below.

III.

'Thou speak'st the *Tuscan* tongue! then, Mortal, hear!
 A story, yet unknown to human ear!
 The sad detail of UGGHOLINO's fate.
 Here the curs'd Prelate by whose arts I fell,
 Still feeds my vengeance in the depths of Hell,
 The joint betrayer of my parent state.

IV.

IV.

Haply thy young remembrance yet may trace
 The deadly rage of SIGISMONDI's race,
 And how this Prelate fann'd the gen'ral flame.
 The man, who first my confidence abus'd;
 Yes, Traitor, thou ! 'twas thou thy friend accus'd,
 Led him astray, and then divulg'd his shame. *

V.

* A nobleman of Pisa, of the Family of Ghorardesca, a Guelf. But the Ghibelline faction, being powerful in Pisa, ambition compell'd him to make an unnatural coalition with Ruggiers de Ubaldini, bishop of Pisa, and head of the Imperial Faction against his own nephew Nino de Gallusa, Lord of Pisa. Under pretence of mal-administration they banished Nino, and Uggholino obtained the government; but this portentous alliance did not long continue. A kinsman of Uggholino, and one of Ruggiero, were rivals for the affections of a lady, and in an unfortunate rencounter Ubaldino was killed. This bred dissention between the families, which joined with envy of Uggholino's

V.

But to myself, and to the Fiends alone
 The consummation of my woes are known.
 How terrible and long I felt my fate!
 When in the doleful tow'r of famine pent,
 For treason built, a gloomy tenement,
 With my four guiltless sons I drooping sat.

Uggholino's exalted station, induced Ruggiero to betray the secret machinations of all his colleagues against the State.—He accused Uggholino of betraying some castles to the Florentines in their late contests with that Republic. This raised the fury of the populace, and they, headed by the bishop, with a crozier in his hand, and the heads of the families of Lanfranchi, Sigismondi, and Gualandi, beset the palace of Uggholino, dragged him and his four sons out, and shut them up in a prison in the Piazza degli Antianie, where they miserably perished by famine.—Villani², Lib. vii. Cap. 120.

VI.

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VI.

The first sad night I past, unknown to sleep,
 The circling hours beheld me wake and weep ;
 'Till thro' an op'ning of my gloomy goal,
 When now the flaming couriers of the night
 On day's fair confines quench'd their waning light,
 With pale and ominous dawn the morning stole.

VII.

That moment first beheld my eyelids close,
 A short, sad respite to my ling'ring woes ;
 But dire, prophetic dreams the curtain drew,
 And shew'd my doom at large! Methought I stood
 And saw a Wolf along the plain pursu'd,
 While this infernal Priest the bugle blew.

VIII.

Thence, with her whelps she fought the Julian steep,
 But *Lanfranc* seem'd the woody pass to keep;
 The Chiefs of *Sigismond*, and *Gualand's* name,
 Their fleet and famish'd pack of blood-hounds join'd,
 Which clos'd the trembling prey before, behind;
 Fasten'd at once, and tore the savage game.

IX.

The vision vanish'd in the morning sky.
 I woke, and heard the childrens plaintive cry:
 —I heard the little wretches call for food.
 What a cold summons then their father felt!
 And, oh! thy heart is hard! unus'd to melt!
 If now thine eyes can hold the briny flood.

X.

Think what I felt, when list'ning to the tread
 Of him, who daily brought our scanty bread :
 I saw their hopes and fears by turn prevail,
 And their pale longing looks.—But now the guard
 With clanging bolts the fatal entrance barr'd,
 Doubling the horrors of the gloomy jail.

XI.

In dumb despondence o'er my boys I hung,
 Yet no weak syllable escap'd my tongue.
 "Ah! why so stern, my *Anselmucio* cry'd,
 I answer'd not ;—and thus the chearless day
 And night's sad ling'ring shadows wore away,
 At length another sun our torments spy'd.

XII.

Half stupefy'd with woe, I sat to trace
 My image stamp'd on each expiring face!
 Then, in a sudden fit of frenzy, tore
 My naked arms.—“ Oh! spare thyself! they pray'd,
 Thy love with those weak limbs our souls array'd,
 Ah! take our lives!—but wound our eyes no more.”

XIII.

Grief quell'd my rage, and silent still we sat,
 While two pale suns prolong'd the work of fate.
 Why did my parent earth a grave deny?
 The fourth sad morning came. With dying look
 My GADDO cry'd, “ I feel the deadly stroke,”
 Then sunk despairing with a feeble cry.

XIV.

XIV.

Two other suns in silent horror pass'd,
 And saw his sad companions breathe their last,
 'Till in my arms my youngest hope expir'd,
 Grov'ling among the dead, of sight depriv'd,
 Two solitary days I still surviv'd,
 And ling'ring death with supplications tir'd.

XV.

O'er each lov'd face my hands spontaneous stray'd,
 And oft' I call'd on each departed shade;
 'Till slow consuming want, with grief combin'd,
 Relax'd my pow'rs, and ev'ry nerve unstrung.
 Yet the dear names still falter'd on my tongue,
 'Till fate's slow hand the vital cord untwin'd."

XVI.

XVI.

He ended stern, and to his dire repast
 Turn'd with malignant look, and furious haste,
 Like a staunch blood-hound to his savage game.
 —Ye tow'rs of Pisa! may *Gorgona's* strand,
 With lofty mounds the coming flood withstand,
 And send it foaming down to whelm thy shame.

XVII.

If *Hugoline* his native realm betray'd,
 The sons were guiltless, tho' the father stray'd;
 My vengeance due thy giant crimes arrest.
 Rival of Thebes! *Brigata's* tender age,
 And *Hugo's* tears thy malice might assuage,
 If e'er compassion warm'd a *Pisan's* breast!

XVIII.

XVIII.

Now, thro' the regions of eternal frost
 We travell'd on, and left *Antenar's* coast,
 Where a new colony possess'd the deep.
 Not prone and abject like the last they lay,
 But shew'd their hideous fronts in open day,
 Seeming for ever bound in iron sleep.

XIX.

Fast flow'd their tears, and as they flow'd they froze !
 The Gorgon mask on ev'ry visage grows ;
 And back their tears return, and sting the brain,
 While, ever and anon, the bitter blast,
 Relentless breathing o'er the sullen waste,
 Seals up their eyes, and aggravates their pain,

XX,

XX.

“ Whence this eternal blast that sweeps the skies,”
 I ask’d, and thus the Mantuan shade replies :
 “ In gloomy state within the gulph below.
 The spirit dwells that sends the blast around,
 First of the Fiends ! on Hell’s extremest bound,
 Where the mysterious cause thou soon shalt know.”

XXI.

“ O ye ! who still expect your dubious doom,
 (A spirit cry’d, within his frozen tomb)
 Remove this mask, and let my sorrows flow ;
 —’Tis all I ask—a transient small relief,
 Before my tears congeal, and choak my grief,
 To ease my bosom of its load of woe.”

XXII.

XXII.

My Guide return'd, " If we neglect thy pray'r,
 Soon may we reach the gulph of sad despair ;
 But first thy country and thy crime disclose.
 Thy crime is known, for ALBERIGO's fame
 Was high, till late he earn'd a Traitor's name,
 Paid for his treason with eternal woes."

XXIII.

" Is ALBERIGO fall'n ! amaz'd, I said ;
 Then still above a disembodied shade

Assumes

† A member of a celebrated society instituted in the thirteenth century, by Martin IV. half clerical, half lay, somewhat like the Knights Templars. They were called Frate Godente, or brothers of

Assumes thy form."—The guilty Ghost rejoin'd,
 "For ever exil'd from the bounds of day,
 Oft' the sad spirit seeks the frozen bay,
 And leaves the limbs, possess'd of life, behind.

of St. Mary. Alberigo had a quarrel with some other of the society, but on a seeming reconciliation, brought about by some common friends, he invited the whole society to a splendid entertainment, and took care to have the hall beset with ruffians in the dress of attendants. The coming in of the dessert was the signal, on which the assassins each marked his man, and, singling them out from the other guests, instantly dispatched them.

The supposition in the following Stanza, that the consequence of some vices is, that on the first commission the soul forsakes the body, and all the vital functions are performed by a Demon, has at the same time a striking poetical effect, and includes a very fine moral. Some crimes, particularly what we may call the cool blooded vices, such as perfidy, ingratitude, &c. bespeak such a total corruption of mind, such an universal depravation, that a single act of this kind is equivalent to a conformed habit of some other vices. In other words, the corruption has gone its full length, the demon supplants the man, and takes possession of the whole soul. The hint seems to be taken from that tremendous picture in the gospel of "the house swept and garnished for the reception of seven malignant spirits," and the last estate of that man is described as worse than the first.

XXIV.

When first the Traitor's soul forsakes its seat,
A chosen Demon finds the foul retreat,
And ev'ry function of the man renews.
To all his old allies, the form possess'd,
Still seems the same, caressing and caress'd,
'Till age or sickness sets the pris'ner loose.

XXV.

Know, Mortal! with the first felonious deed,
(So may my strong and fervent pray'r succeed)
A Demon comes to guide the mortal frame
Below, in frozen chains the spirit pines,
And he, whom yonder wintry cell confines
Could tell, he yet can boast the Dorian name."

XXVI.

XXVI.

“ What Fiend, I cry’d, can tempt thy lips to tell
 Such fruitless falsehoods in the depths of Hell?
 Still § *Doria* lives, and still enjoys the world.”
 The wretch reply’d, “ Remember when you stood,
 And from the brink of Hell admiring view’d
 Old *Zanco*’s soul to *Malebolge* hurl’d.

§ *Branca Doria*, son in law to *Michael Zanche*, Lord of *Logodoro*. See Canto 22.—Who to enjoy the large patrimony destined to him by *Zanche*, (which had been acquired by corruption in a judicial capacity) poisoned his father in law at an entertainment. A Demon, according to the Poet, immediately supplanted the soul, performed all the vital functions of the man, and probably continued for a long time to propagate the noble family of the *Dorias* in *Genoa*.

XXVII.

Even then the deed was done, the sentence pass'd,
 And *Deria* felt below the bitter blast,
 Freezing the genial current of his tears.
 And where yon' livid mask a foul conceals,
 His fellow-traitor there his doom bewails,
 A Fiend above in either form appears.

XXVIII.

But, oh! if e'er thy vows were breath'd in pain,
 Let not thy hand the pious task disdain
 To break the seal, and bid my sorrows flow.
 "Far be the task prophane! the Mantuan cry'd.
 Mute I obey'd my unrelenting Guide,
 And darkling follow'd to the depths below.

XXIX.

XXIX.

False Genoa ! claim not all the fraudulent race,
 Whose guilty squadrons fill the central space,
 But scatter the vile feminary wide.
 No Fiend in all the *Ptolemæan* ccaft
 Equals the foul *Ligurian's* hated ghost,
 Whose limbs above obey a *Stygian* Guide.

END OF CANTO XXXIII.

CANTO

C A N T O XXXIV.

A R G U M E N T.

The Poet arrives at the station of the Infernal Monarch, whom he finds employed in the punishment of JUDAS ISCARIOT, BRUTUS, and CASSIUS, who are considered here as guilty of the same crime, Ingratitude and Perfidy to their chief Benefactors.—Thence, directed by Virgil, he finds his way by the Centre, and emerges with difficulty in the other hemisphere, near the Mountain of Purgation.

VIXXIV

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C A N T O XXXIV.

I.

“YONDER the flag of EREBUS unfurl’d,
 Proclaims the Monarch of the nether world,”
 The Bard exclaim’d, as now the fogs profound,
 Dispersing flow before the rising gale,
 Disclos’d, what seem’d a tow’r with shifting sail,
 And warring tempests swept her vans around,

II.

Shook from his wings the fell Tornado grew,
 And all the hideous scene disclos'd to view,
 Beat with eternal storms, a barren coast!
 Half in the whirlwind seiz'd, the spirit caught,
 His trembling charge, and o'er the surface brought
 With rapid wafture to the central post.

III.

Oh! could the Muse describe in equal strain
 The horrors of the wide Cerulean plain,
 For ever glaz'd beneath the boreal blast!
 The various postures of the tribes that lay
 In silent shoals, beneath the frozen bay,
 The lowest tenants of the wintry waste!

IV.

IV.

Some show'd their heels aloft, and some the head,
 And some recumbent on their frozen bed,
 In prostrate files possess'd the middle deep,
 While bending some, with head and heels conjoin'd,
 Afunder each in crystal cells confin'd,
 Feel thro' their reins the icy horrors creep.†

V.

Their rigid lips were seal'd in dumb despair,
 Their stony eyes, unconscious of a tear,

† Those who had been guilty of perfidy, aggravated by ingratitude, to their benefactors. The principal of whom are Judas, Brutus, and Cassius.——N.B. The Poet was now no more a republican, but had incited Henry of Luxemburgh to invade Florence, and renew the Imperial Faction.

Glar'd as we pass'd, but now th' infernal fire
 Ken'd from afar, his port majestic, shew'd
 "There fills the FOE OF MAN his dire abode,
 Go! and may Heav'n thy sinking soul inspire."

VI.

He spoke—the gloomy chief in HADES fear'd,
 'Midst plaintive shrieks, and warring winds, appear'd
 While nature thro' my nerves convulsive shook.
 Now palsies seiz'd my agonizing frame,
 And glowing now I felt the fever's flame,
 While life and death by turns my limbs forsook.

VII.

Half from the central gulph he seem'd to spring,
 But PHLEGRAS giant brood, and BABEL's King

To pigmies sunk before the Stygian Lord,
 Less to the Monarch of the frozen main
 They seem'd, than I to that gigantic train,
 When late my suppliant pray'r their aid implor'd,

VIII.

If his meridian glories ere he fell
 Equal'd his horrible eclipse in Hell,
 No brighter Seraph led the heav'nly host.
 And now, a tenant of the frozen tide,
 The Rebel justly merits to preside
 O'er all the horrors of the Stygian coast.

IX.

Six shadowy wings invest his shoulders wide,
 A Gorgon face appear'd on either side,

And

And one before that seem'd with rage to burn.
 RANCOUR with fullen hue the next o'ercaſt,
 And Envy's jaundic'd look diſdain'd the laſt
 With Grief, that ſeem'd at others' joy to mourn.

X.

He wav'd his ſail-broad wings, and woke the ſtorm,
 Cocytus ſhudder'd thro' her tribes deform,
 That felt the freezing pow'r in ev'ry gale.
 Keen, polar blaſts around his pinions fleet,
 And o'er the region ſift th' eternal fleet,
 And mould, with many a guſt, the beating hail.

XI.

Diſguis'd in gore, the gloomy Chieftain ſtood,
 From ev'ry mouth diſtill'd the ſtreaming blood,
 And

And lamentations loud and piercing cries
 Were heard within.—His triple jaws divide,
 And shew his deadly fangs on either side,
 And each a sinner's blood in crimson dyes.

XII.

We saw the pris'ners force their bloody way,
 We saw his marble jaws with deadly sway,
 At once descend and crush them in their flight.
 Half seen again, the wretch for mercy calls,
 High-pois'd again, the pondrous engine falls,
 And churns their quiv'ring limbs with stern delight.

XIII.

“ISCARIOT there, the mighty Mantuan cry'd,
 In dol'rous pangs atones his parricide.

Hark !

Hark ! how he yells within, and flings abroad
His struggling feet ! in sullen fortitude
Here Brutus lies by torture unsubdued,
And Cassius bathes his mighty limbs in blood.

XIV.

Here ends our long survey—for now above
Young HESPER lights his ev'ning lamp of love,
And calls us upwards to the bounds of day.
Now other worlds our weary steps invite,
Another passage to the bounds of light,
Up to the world a long laborious way."

XV.

He gave the sign, and soon with pious haste
I clung around his neck, and bending waist.

Then,

Then, tow'rd the Fiend he bore his trembling charge,
 And, when he saw his mighty wings display'd,
 Boldly he plung'd beneath the waving shade,
 And seiz'd his shaggy back, and shoulders large.

XVI.

Thence, soft and slow, his giant sides along
 He bore his load, 'till from his cincture hung,
 We saw beneath the shelving ice divide,
 Then, plung'd at once amid the central womb,
 And trembling, pass'd the unsubstantial gloom
 Where worlds met worlds around the dismal void.

XVII.

At once I found my Guide his hold forego,
 And turn with labour to the world of woe.

His

His shifting feet, as if again to try
 With long repeated search the frozen found,
 "Prepare with me, he cry'd, to climb around
 Those giant limbs that seem to prop the sky.

XVIII.

Now turn and try this column'd height to scale,"
 The Bard exclaim'd as from the dismal vale,
 Thro' a wide arch of adamant we press'd.
 Awhile he stood the wondrous scene to view,
 Then up with pain his mortal burden drew,
 And both a moment seiz'd of welcome rest.

XIX.

Then gazing upwards from our shelving seat,
 We saw the Stygian Lord's inverted state.

His

His feet sublime, and head depending far.
Now weigh ! ye tribes of earth ! my lengthen'd toil,
Think with what pain I pass'd the central isle,
And cross'd with weary limbs the mighty bar.

XX.

“ Arise ! the Bard exclaim'd, the mounting fun
Expects to meet us ere his race be run,
And long and dismal lies the way to light !
No splendid palace fronts the flow'ry path,
But cliffs of horrid height, and shades of death,
And hov'ring dread, and everlasting night.

XXI.

“ O Sire ! I cry'd, these wondrous things explain,
How pass'd we unawares the frozen main ?

And

And why suspends the Fiend his feet above?
 What Angels' speed has urg'd the star of day
 So sudden to relume his morning ray,
 * Since HESPER woke his ev'ning lamp of love?"

XXII.

" Suppose the Centre past, the Poet said,
 Since first at yonder point I turn'd my head,
 And lab'ring feet on Satan's scaly side:
 Thither unforc'd you sunk with downward weight,
 With labour now you climb the stony strait,
 Tho' I sustain you thro' the gloomy void.

XXIII.

Beneath our feet the plains of ASIA lie,
 There PALESTINE surveys the nether sky,

* Alluding to what the Poet had said, Stanza 4.

Where bled the *sinless* man a world to save,
 Pale ev'ning there ascends, in sober grey,
 While here the morning points a purple ray,
 And gilds with light the broad *antarctic* wave.

XXIV.

Around the centre sleeps the frozen flood,
 Where Satan stands embath'd in Traitors blood;
 His giant limbs the meeting worlds unite.
 Flaming from yonder southern sky he fell,
 The plain broke inwards, and thro' lowest Hell
 Before him fled, 'till ASIA stop'd her flight.

XXV.

Portentous there it rose, a sacred hill,
 Where angel hands their richest balm distil,

And

And MARY's son reclin'd his sacred head ;
 Nor ceas'd the central flock, 'till, hither borne
 Another hill its horrid way had torne,
 Which overlooks afar its oozy bed.

DANTE

XXVI.

Now many a league above the wintry found
 We hung, and darkness hover'd still around:
 Yet on we pass'd, admonish'd by the ear ;
 For hoarse and dismal thro' the gloomy steep,
 A falling torrent fought the central deep,
 Thro' many a rifted rock, and stony sphere.

XXVII.

Still up the wave-worn cliff the Mantuan prest,
 I follow'd faint, deny'd a moment's rest ;

'Till

'Till dim and dubious thro' the rocks on high,
A ray of welcome light disclos'd our path ;
Joyful we left the shadowy realms of death,
And hail'd the op'ning glories of the sky.

END OF THE INFERNO OF DANTE.

THE HISTORY OF THE

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I SHALL here give the READER an opportunity of comparing the First Part of *Scott's Christian Life*, Chap. III. with the view of futurity given by *Dante*.—Dr. Scott was very much admired at the beginning of this century ; though his language, like *Dante's*, is sometimes debased by vulgar idioms, his reasoning is close, and his fancy vigorous. He indeed assumes some propositions without descending to the proof, and reasons from them ; but his assumptions, when examined, are found sufficiently evident. The Platonic doctrine, that souls still retain the habits

they had acquired while in the body, is by him pursued through all its consequences, and carried further than any other author has done. He has shown, that the representations of futurity are not merely the superstitious dreams of a disordered fancy, but that every man carries the seeds of eternal happiness or misery in his own mind; and that representations of futurity may be founded, on the strictest reasoning, equally tremendous with the wildest pictures of fancy. His representations only want to be diversified with proper characters and incidents, and connected into one view to make a Poem, superior perhaps to any on the subject. It was a loss to Dante, that such a writer had not appeared before his time; he would probably have suggested new prospects, new adventures, and new characters.

One position that this Divine assumes, without descending to the proof, and what he builds
some

some of his best representations upon, is, that in the other world Spirits departed will naturally associate themselves with others of a like disposition. This I think deserves a little examination, as a great part of his system depends upon it.— We can only judge of the effects of habit in a future state of existence, from its effects in this world: let us examine what is the principal attraction of society here, particularly what induces men to make those intimate connections which we generally call Friendship, and which indeed deserves the name in a subordinate sense: It is neither mutual entertainment nor mutual information alone, but principally a concurrence of sentiment. A man of wit is never so much at his ease in the company of another man of wit, as with a man who shews the effect of his sallies by the most genuine marks of admiration; he looks upon a hearty fit of laughter as the best equivalent for his *bon-mot*: his jest retorted by another is like

verse paid with verse, but the man that laughs at his jest enters into his sentiment, and they have that species of sympathy that forms a sort of mutual attraction; which, if it does not end in friendship, at least constitutes familiarity.—If he prefers the company of men of talents, the pleasure does not arise so much from the information he receives, as from the consciousness that they think alike upon their favourite subjects; and that habit has turned their ideas into the same channel. This is the case with the virtuous and vicious, the soldier and the sailor, the pedant and the mechanic, the beggar and the beau. Habit induces each of them to associate with the man whose sentiments are in unison with his own. Hence, in every large company, where there is not that happy mixture of good-breeding and talents, or at least that general sympathy requisite to keep up a general conversation, we see the company break into little groups, just as they find a set in unison with

with themselves ; and politics, business, double entendre, and scandal, are all discussed in their own little committees,

This is the effect of sympathy ; but the sympathy itself is principally the effect of Habit. If then the conclusion of Plato, with respect to the particular effects of habit in each person, be well founded, from the same mode of reasoning it will follow, that if habit strengthens the vice, so as to make it a future plague, the same habit will make the vicious associate with such spirits as are under the influence of like habits with themselves. We see habit produce each of these effects here, and we only can reason on invisible things from their analogy to our daily experience.

Having thus shewn (perhaps more at large than was necessary) that our propensity to associate with such as correspond with us in sentiment, originally
springs

springs from habit ; and, that it has the same cause with the inveteracy of the vicious affections themselves ; we shall next take a summary view of the Platonic Doctrine, as delivered by SCOTT.

S U M M A R Y V I E W

O F T H E

PLATONIC DOCTRINE,

With RESPECT to a FUTURE STATE.

SCOTT'S CHRISTIAN LIFE, Part I, Chap. iii,
Page 38—74. Fo. Edit.

M A R Y

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U. S. DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

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LATONID BOCCARINE

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SUMMARY VIEW, &c.

MAN is first considered by him as a rational, a religious, and a social animal, and his duties consequently divide into the Human, the Divine, and the Social Virtues. He then shews how each of these virtues contributes, in its own nature, to heavenly happiness; and how each of the opposite vices tends to make the criminal eternally miserable. As he is a rational animal, his reason is given him to subdue his irascible and concupiscible affections, and shew him the just value of things.

things.—Then he begins with Prudence, a virtue which directs us to the worthiest ends, and teaches us to employ the best means. This is the principle which allies us to Angels; and our appetites, therefore, being meant to be subject to our Wills, and our Wills to Reason, when this order is reversed, the mind must feel that sort of anguish, or uneasiness, which a body does which is out of joint; but Prudence must be Happiness, because it is a continual exercise of Reason, the noblest faculty we are possessed of.—“For we (says he) being finite beings, and of a mixt nature, cannot act vigorously in two lines of action at once:—If we exercise only our animal faculties, our rational will decay, and use and exercise will not only improve and strengthen our reason, but make its exercise delightful. It will empower it to regulate all our actions, and our eternal state of happiness will commence even here. The enjoyment of the heavenly state is
nothing

nothing but an exertion of our rational faculties in their full freedom, disentangled from the snares of all unreasonable affections. Our understanding will be employed in the contemplation of truth, and our will devoted to the love of absolute perfection.

“ But when our Reason is laid aside, and things are prized above their intrinsic value, our disappointment is proportioned to our expectations; and our expectation not being guided by Reason, will always go along with our enjoyments, and always ensure disappointment. In the mean time these things are fleeting from us; we leave the world, and carry our irrational desires along with us, sublimed to virulence by long habit. Then every lust, separated from its object, converts into an hopeless and outrageous desire, a desire exalted to frenzy by despair; and the mind, pre-engaged to sensual delights alone, cannot

cannot direct its attention to nobler objects. Such is the force of habit." The virtue he recommends in opposition to this is Moderation, or placing a due value on temporal objects; *i. e.* such a value as they deserve, and as will not interfere with our duty. To enforce this further, he observes, that we understand by our affections, that they change the hue of all objects, and that such spirits, immersed in the pleasures of sense, and habituated to them only, should relish any thing higher, he thinks impossible.

Next he treats of Fortitude, which by his definition is the virtue that keeps our irascible affections in due bounds, and does not permit them to exceed those evils or dangers which we seek to repel or avoid.—In this case, Fortitude not only comprehends courage, as opposed to fear, but gentleness, as opposed to fierceness, sufferance, as opposed to impatience, contentedness, as opposed

to

to envy, and meekness, as opposed to revenge : all which are the passions of weak and pusillanimous minds, so softened with baseness and cowardice, that they are not able to withstand the slightest impressions of danger or injury, the slightest cross accident, the most casual affront is painful to their morbid and irritable apprehensions, what would only amuse a mind in proper health. Their courage, he says, is the mere ferment of animal nature ; but true fortitude consists in that power over the irascible affections, which prevents us from being timorous in danger, or envious in want, impatient in suffering, or angry at contempt, or malicious and revengeful under injuries and provocation: Then he illustrates the effects of those untoward accidents upon a mind duly tempered with fortitude, by a very singular comparison of the pattering of hail on the tiles of a music-house, which does not in the least disturb the harmony within.—While it is in the power of those

those accidents to disturb our passions, he says, " We are tenants at will to them for all the little peace we enjoy, and our happiness and misery must entirely depend upon them as they are good or bad."

" Thus, he says, are we tossed about while here, like ships without rudder or compass ;—all these passions which fall under the government of Fortitude, are in their excesses terrible, and like young vipers gnaw the womb that breeds them.—The intervention of other enjoyments prevents our feeling the full effects of these passions here. Immersed as we are in gross terrestrial vehicles, our feelings cannot be so exquisite, nor consequently our passions so violent, as they doubtless will be, when we are stripped into naked spirits ; and if we go into the other world with these passions unmortified in us, they will not only be far more violent than now, but our perceptions of them will
be

be pure and unalloyed by any intermixture of enjoyment, and if so, what exquisite torments must they prove, when hate and envy, malice and revenge, shall be altogether like so many vultures, preying upon our hearts, and our minds shall be continually goaded with all the furious thoughts that these outrageous passions can suggest to us! When, with the meagre eyes of envy, we shall look up to those regions of unhopèd felicity; when our impatience shall be heightened by a sense of our follies to a diabolical fury, sublimed with an insatiable desire of revenge upon all that have contributed to our ruin, and an inveterate malice against all we converse with, what a Hell must we be to ourselves!—The external punishments of Devils are undoubtedly very severe, but wrath and envy, malice and revenge, must be much more so, they are both the nature and the plague of Devils, they are the creatures of those cursed affections, as it was they which changed them from Angels into

into Fiends. If then, those affections had such an horrible power of transmutation, as to metamorphose Angels into Demons, how can we ever expect to be happy, so long as we harbour and indulge them !”

“ To prevent this impediment to our happiness is the end of those evangelical precepts of putting away bitterness and wrath of being children in malice, and cultivating the fruits of the spirit, such as peace, long-suffering, gentleness, and meekness, which are nothing else but the virtue of fortitude, exerting itself on our different irascible affections.”

“ Right reason tells us, that our irascible affections add to the evils which we fear or suffer, and the exercise of fortitude is therefore an addi-

tion

tion to our happiness here, and it also tends to kill the seeds of misery hereafter."

Next he considers the virtue of temperance, and expectations on the doctrine of the soul's contracting a relish for sensual pleasure, which, where the object is removed, must be a source of torment;—but this is partly a repetition of the foregoing doctrine.*

He next explains the virtue of Humility, or thinking properly of ourselves, shewing that pride is the root of envy, that envy begets malice, and malice misery. Then he prescribes the contemplation of our errors and indiscretions, our irregularities of temper, our defects in moral

* See Plato Phæd. Clem. Alex. Præag. L. 1. Cap. 1.

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* See Plato Phæd. Clem. Alex. Pædag. L. 2. Cap. 1.

virtues and deviations from right, as the best means of teaching us humility, and, above all, a contemplation of the attributes of the Deity, and our littleness compared with his favours to us.

The immediate effects of the above-mentioned virtues are privations of pain and rest ; but when these impediments are removed, the active nature of the mind will impel it to more congenial employments, that is, to the divine virtues belonging to man, as a reasonable creature, of which he treats next.

I. The contemplation of the Divinity, the most worthy object of a rational being, whose most natural employment is the search of truth.—II. The exercise of devotion.—III. Imitation of the divine nature in its moral attributes ; and, as from the contemplation of his own nature, his self-complacency must proceed, so must our virtues be the
source

source of our self-satisfaction, or our vices of misery.—IV. Reliance on him ; our Heaven must be to be directed by him in our choices, to have our wills conformable to his ; and our Hell, to be set adrift by him, and left involved in the tempest of our own desires.

He concludes with a view of the social virtues, and after some observations on the nature of men, and the duties of society. In recommending benevolence he observes, “ That society puts us within each other’s reach, and, by that means, if we are enemies, renders us more dangerous to each other, like two armies, which, at distance engage only with missile weapons, and do not havock and butcher each other till they come to close engagement.” Such are the effects of hatred and malice in this world, so as often to render the most dismal solitude preferable to society ; but the effects of these unsociable passions must be

much more horrible in the other world, if they are not mortified here ; for whenever the souls of men leave their bodies, they doubtless associate with spirits like themselves ! “ they flock to birds of their own feather,” and consort themselves with such separate spirits as are of their own genius and temper : For, besides, that bad spirits are by the laws of the invisible world incorporated into one nation, similitude of disposition is an attraction to association, malice naturalizes men for the kingdom of darkness, and disqualifies them for the society of the blessed, and urges them to that infernal society of spirits like themselves. But, better were eternal solitude in the most desolated region of infinite space, better were the eternal pressure of despair, the never-dying corrosions of envy, and the stings of a conscience brooding over its eternal wounds, than the incessant and horrible vexation of such a malignant confraternity ! for, though we, who are only spectators of
 corporeal

corporeal agency, cannot see how spirits act upon each other, yet there is no doubt but the plagues inflicted by spirits upon spirits, are as immediate as those inflicted by body upon body, * and supposing that these can mutually act upon each other, there is no doubt but they can communicate either pain or joy to each other in proportion to their power. What then can be expected from a company of malicious spirits herding together, but a reciprocation of revenge, misery and torment!—These most exquisite enjoyments here, have risen from the exertions of spite and malice; and the shadowy solace of their torments below, must arise from the same direful gratification of mutual and implacable revenge.

Here the subject of this eternal quarrel is laid
 “when all who by evil counsels, wicked insinua-

* Even here we see the eye can give pleasure or pain by imperceptible means:—A smile cheers the beholder, and a frown evidently hurts him.

tions, or pernicious examples, contributed to each other's ruin, come to meet; when their mutual misery is sublimed by an insatiable desire of vengeance, Heavens! what a tremendous situation! how all their aggregate powers of mischief, will be exerted in one relentless effort of mutual vengeance!" This one would think is misery enough, but besides this our religion teaches us to believe, that they shall be exposed to all the dreadful inflictions of the first apostates from Heaven; spirits, who even now, when let loose upon us, can unfold such scenes of horror to our affrighted fancy, as oft' to drive us to madness, despair, and suicide; What then must be the consequence when we are wholly abandoned to them, and left the eternal victims of their unsated malice! with what an hellish rage will they fly upon our guilty and timorous souls, where there is so much fuel for their injected sparks of horror to take fire on!—As the indulgence of rancour and malice naturally drives

drives us to such malignant society—to guard against this in every page of the gospel, the duty of love and mutual charity is inculcated with the most earnest repetition.

He next expatiates on the virtue of Justice, and in shewing what will be the consequence hereafter of indulging an unrighteous temper. He observes, that the most barbarous and wicked societies here, have some remains of justice and honour among them, some sparks of conscience, which must make a great difference between them, and the society of such spirits as those, who were habituated to acts of injustice, or fraud, must naturally seek to in the other world. Their despair of ever being reconciled to God, and their inveterate malice against him, and every thing good, must erase every remaining trace of goodness out of their minds, and their whole conversation can be nothing else than an intercourse of oppression, treachery,

treachery, and violence. - The Devil is described as the father of lies, and, *regis ad exemplum*, all the miserable vassals of his dark kingdom do all imitate his example, and tread in his footsteps. Then, gracious Heaven! what woeful society must that be! where all trust and confidence is banished, and every one stands upon his guard, tortured with eternal vigilance of surrounding mischiefs! where all their employment is diabolical fraud and circumvention, and their whole study to do and retaliate injuries!

To prevent the effects of this dangerous spirit, when indulged, the scripture recommends not only righteousness in general, but truth, plainness, openness, and candour, as far as the innate treachery of the world will admit.

The consequence of indulging a factious or rebellious spirit is next described: where, being
chained

chained together by an adamant fate, they consent, in this, and in this alone, to oppose all good designs, and do the most mischief they are able : So that their society is like the monster Scylla, whom the Poets speak of, whose inferior parts were a company of dogs who were continually snarling and quarrelling among themselves, and yet were inseparable from each other, as being all parts of the same substance.—With a foresight of these wretched consequences of disunion, the gospel precept is “to follow good will towards all men.”—Then, after enlarging on the concord of the saints above, he insists on the necessity of “purging our minds of those froward and contentious humours, if we would wish to be fit companions of their blessed society.”

With respect to the virtues of obedience to superiors, and condescension and gentleness to inferiors, and the consequences of their opposite vices, he

he gives a dreadful picture of those tyrannical rulers, and ungovernable subjects that the two parties will be divided into in the other world, where "rebels will naturally consort with rebels, and tyrants with tyrants; where all the superiors are fierce and tyrannical, and all the inferiors perverse and stubborn; where the rulers are a company of Demons, that impose nothing but grievances and plagues, and those that obey are a set of surly and untractable slaves, that submit to nothing but what they are compelled to by grievances and plagues—lashed into unsufferable obedience, and forced by one torment to submit to another."

In his recommendation of the opposite virtues, there are some traits of the doctrine of passive obedience, which, in the days of Scor, was often a theme of eloquence from the pulpit. He concludes the chapter with a detail of motives for the prac-

tice

tice of the heavenly virtues from their suitableness to the christian character, and remarks what an idea the vices of a christian must give a heathen, of our religion, from the instance of the Indian, who, when he was told the cruel Spaniards went to Heaven, rather chose the darkest Hell than such diabolical company. The next motives he urges are, the honour of following the example, and treading in the steps of the most exalted nature, and the freedom we acquire by a life of virtue ; for “ in a state of sin the free course of reason is interrupted by vice, and the free course of vice is restrained, in some respect, by reason, even in the most abandoned ; and wherever we go we walk like prisoners, clogged by the shackles of shame and fear.”——In this case we must resolve either to conquer our reason, or our lust ; if we conquer the former, we acquire a liberty indeed, the liberty of Demons and of brutes ; if we subdue the latter, we acquire the freedom of men, and

and of angels; and we shall move without check or confinement in a free and noble sphere, for we shall be pleased with what is wise and fit, and good without any curb or restraint, and be all life, all spirit, all wing, in the discharge of our duty."

In expatiating on the pleasures of a virtuous life, he observes, "that whereas sensual enjoyments are short and transient, the heaven of a rational creature consists in the most intense and vigorous exercises of its rational faculties, on the most suitable and convenient objects.

"As in every act of every virtue there is an imperfect union of the soul with God, there must also be some degree of the pleasure of heaven in the exercise of every one of them; and when by habit we have made the exercise of those virtues not only easy but delightful, we shall find ourselves under the central force of heaven, most sweetly drawn

drawn along by the powerful magnetism of its joy and pleasure, and every act of celestial virtue will anticipate celestial happiness. Wherefore, as we love pleasure, which is the great invitation to action, let us be persuaded, once for all, to make a thorough experiment of the heavenly life."

The fifth motive he insists on is, the repose attending a virtuous life; where he represents vice as a dislocation of our mental faculties, a force put upon our natural destination, a discord in the original harmony of our nature, which he illustrates by the following simile: "If a musical instrument were a living thing, it would be sensible that harmony is its proper state, and would abhor discord and dissonancy, as a thing preternatural to it; so, were our reason alive within us, our souls, which were made unisons with the Deity, would be exquisitely sensible of those divine virtues wherein its consonancy consists, as of that which

was

was its proper state and native complexion; for all her jarring faculties being tuned to the musical laws of reason, there would be a perfect harmony in her nature.

The last motive he mentions is the necessity of a virtuous life to our enjoyment of heavenly happiness.—“Happiness, (says he) is a relative thing, and in its very nature implies a mutual correspondence between the objects of our happiness, and the faculties that enjoy them. If the objects of heavenly happiness be not suited to our faculties by habitual contemplation, or habitual exercise, they cannot be objects of happiness to us.

He goes even so far as to say, “that should the Deity inflict on vicious persons no positive punishment, they must from habitual depravation be forever miserable; and what would a pardon signify to a malefactor who is dying of the stone or stranguary?

just

just as little would an absolution from punishment signify to a depraved soul while it is subject to a disease that preys upon its vitals. Heaven is the centre of all virtue, to which it naturally tends: Hell is the centre of all vice, to which it is carried by an accelerated motion; yet it is not so much the place as the state of mind that makes the difference, and would vice attempt to climb to Heaven, it would be beat back by the dreadful lightnings of its glory."

He concludes with a spirited apostrophe to such as think that vice and happiness are compatible, "What would such as you do in Heaven?—There are no wanton amours among those heavenly lovers, no rivers of wine among their rivers of pleasure to gratify your sensuality, no parasites to flatter your pride, no miseries to feed your envy, no mischiefs to tickle your revenge — nothing but chaste and divine, pure and rational enjoyments."

I shall

I shall only make one observation on the foregoing system, that if it be well founded, it precludes all those idle declamations on the absurdity of lasting punishments for temporal crimes, as it appears from this representation that the punishment arises in a great degree from the acquired habit which must last at least as long as the existence of the criminal.

S P E C I.

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S P E C I M E N

OF A

NEW. TRANSLATION

OF THE

ORLANDO FURIOSO

OF

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Vol. II.

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THE END OF THE WORLD

CHAPTER XXIX

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C A N T O XXIV.

STORY *of* ZERBINO *and* ISABELLA.

RETIRE in time! and disengage your wings,
Ye careless crew, that sink in Cupid's toils!
For bondage, lunacy, and death he brings,
And of his nobler self the lover spoils;
Not all, like ROLAND's mind, the God embroils;
Yet, less or more, the unresisted spell
Of reason's aid the wretched youth beguiles,
And whips, and straining cords, and darken'd cell,
The Maniac best become, his moody rage to quell.

Full many a path divides the maze of love,
 Where wanders many a youth in varied pain,
 Pregnant with fate, the labyrinthine grove
 In shameful bondage holds the smitten train.
 One sees his fellow struggling with the chain,
 And laughs aloud, nor feels the latent pest
 That thrids the nerve, and maddens in the brain;
 While on his friend with equal woes oppress'd,
 The poor Demoniac flings full many a dead-born jest.

3

Once more, digressive Muse! to ROLAND turn,
 Where, all disarm'd and bare, the Maniac hies;
 While rooted groves his wild incursion mourn,
 And echoing caves rebellow to his cries:
 Far, far the breeze convey'd the crashing noise
 Of falling woods, that mark'd the madman's way,
 The startled peasants ran, with pale surprise,
 Led by their sins, or fate's resistless sway,
 To that ill-omen'd spot, to view the sylvan fray.

They

They saw, and instant fled, unknowing where,
 With terror blind, but ROLAND fast pursu'd,
 And seiz'd a wretch, the laggard of the war,
 And writh'd his neck around, in ireful mood:
 Down drops the head; — as from Pomona's wood,
 The stripping plucks the fruit with ready hand.
 The heavy trunk he seiz'd, distain'd with blood,
 And fell'd two champions on the bloody strand,
 The most distinguish'd pair of all the rustic band.

The wiser few escap'd, aware of fate
 Or chance, or fav'ring Heav'n secur'd their flight;
 For now their num'rous droves the Maniac met,
 And vents on them at large his wolfish spite.
 The cautious hinds escap'd his searching sight,
 In roofs conceal'd, for trees deny'd their aid,
 Their mattocks, spades, and shares, with culture
 bright,
 They left, around the fields, at random laid,
 And some the rock ascend, and some the lowly shed.

Anon,

Anon, the massacre commenc'd below,
 Where his defenceless prey ORLANDO tore!
 Down fell the Ox with solitary blow,
 And butcher'd flocks distain'd the field with gore!
 Fleet was the bounding steed that fled before
 The moon-struck man, who dealt perdition round,
 While now the woods, and now the plaintive shore
 Rebellowing wide, return'd a mingled sound,
 And bows and slings in vain dismiss'd the distant
 wound.

*After a second Engagement with the SHEPHERDS, the
 POET proceeds to describe the Rout of ORLANDO.*

In wild despair the broken remnant fled,
 And ROLAND ran impetuous on the spoil;
 Where the poor hinds in many an humble shed
 Their rustic stores conceal'd with annual toil;
 There,

There, weary with his chace of many a mile,
 Their simple cates reviv'd the famish'd Knight :
 Acorns, the native produce of the soil,
 And † bread, unconscious yet of Vulcan's might,
 He found, and strait devour'd with ravenous delight.

Hence o'er the plains, inspir'd with vigour new,
 The love-lorn swain his horrid Hunt began ;
 And flocks, and swains, and wolves, a mingled
 crew,

Before the frantic Lord tumultuous ran.
 Nor mountain goat escap'd, nor tim'rous fawn,
 And bristled boars reluctant learn'd to yield :
 And oft', on sunny hill, or level lawn
 He spread his banquet on the bloody field,
 And want's importune call with life-warm blood
 repell'd.

† Dough.

Thus,

Thus, up and down he wander'd many a day,
 And thro' the *Gallic* bounds incessant stray'd.
 At length a river stopp'd the Hero's way.
 With lofty bridge across the current laid;
 A cloud-capt tow'r the subject plain survey'd—
 —But ZERBIN's fate recalls the wand'ring song,
 Who rode with ISABELL, his faithful maid,
 For many a league the dreary waste along,
 When, lo! a * Knight they saw, the dismal shades
 among:

* This Knight was Odorico of Biscay, to whom Zerbino, prince of Caledonia, had entrusted the conveyance of the fair Isabel from Spain, by sea, to France; Odoric had attempted the honour of his charge, at sea, in vain, and renewing his outrage on shore, had been prevented by robbers, who seized the lady, and kept her in confinement, till she was rescued from them by Orlando.—Hence the attachment of Zerbino to Orlando.—After taking a suitable revenge on the traitor, he goes in search of his benefactor, who, as he heard, was engaged in a perilous adventure in the forest of Ardenne.

Three days entire had ROLAND sworn t' attend;
 Deep in the gloomy grove † his Pagan foe :
 While, tracing every step, his gallant friend,
 Thro' hill above, and winding vale below,
 Explor'd the wood, his destiny to know;
 And o'er the green his flying courser trac'd.
 At length the warrior spy'd the scene of woe;
 Where, like a hurricane, ORLANDO pass'd,
 And check'd the limpid stream, and laid the arbour
 waste.

Somewhat he saw that glimmer'd thro' the glade,
 And, hast'ning to the spot, a cuirass found,
 And near, the crested honours of his head,
 By ALMONT worn of old, a Chief renown'd.
 Fleet BRIGLIADORO from the woods profound
 Was heard to neigh; and soon the steed was seen,
 His splendid bridle trailing on the ground.

The

† Mandricard, who had claimed Orlando's sword, and challenged him to decide the claim by combat.

The tatter'd surcoat strow'd the velvet green,
Or in loose fragments hung the bending boughs be-
tween.

Afar, unsheath'd, his *Durindana* * lay :
Bewilder'd in his guess, the warrior stood ;
No sign of gore the wand'rer's steps betray,
Nor mark of slaughter stain'd the conscious wood,
Fair *Isabel* her face with tears bedew'd,
The reliques of the matchless man to see ;
But now a trembling swain, who lately view'd
From a safe rock the scene of misery,
Across the lawn was seen, with haggard looks to flee.

He saw the Maniac fling his arms away,
He saw him storm the cots and chase the swains,
And waste the flocks with unresisted sway,
Pit'd in expiring heaps along the plains,

The

* The sword of Orlando.

The *Caledonian* check'd his flowing reins,
 The sad disastrous tale at large to hear;
 And scarce belief th' affrighted hind obtains,
 So like a dream it touch'd the trembling ear,
 'Till certain signs he saw, the shepherd's faith to clear.

Then from his steed the weeping Knight descends,
 The trophies of his friend to bear away;
 Fair *Isabel* her gen'rous Lord attends,
 Where all around his arms at random lay, &c.

* * * * *

Then gathering in a heap the shining spoil,
 Zerbino on a pine the trophy hung;
 And, to secure the venerable pile,
 This verse he grav'd the polish'd rind along:
 " *These dazzling arms to Almont's son belong,
 Observe, and pass, nor touch the dreadful mail!*"
 This rite perform'd, to horse the Hero sprung;
 But mounted scarce, when, from the winding vale,
 Fierce *Mandricard* was seen the funny hill to scale.

The

The trophy soon the *Tartar* Lord beheld,
 And ask'd the meaning of the mystic show;
 But when the Prince *Orlando's* name reveal'd,
 To *Durindana* sprung the pagan foe,
 And reach'd the falchion where it hung below.
 And "Thus I dare to seize my own, (he cry'd:)
 To *Hector's* gift my bold forefathers owe
 The matchless boon that grac'd my father's side!
 Till *Roland's* ruffian hand the shining belt unty'd.

But fearing now his plunder to maintain
 By arms, he left the long-contested prize,
 And flies, a seeming maniac, o'er the plain:
 There let him ban his stars, and threat the skies;
 But me, like him, the world might think unwise,
 If now my property I left behind."
 "Withhold thy hand, (the Caledonian cries)
 Nor think so easy thus the prize to find."
 Both draw, and both advance, and soon the battle
 join'd.

Orlando's

Orlando's bick'ring blade the Tartar drew,
 And *Zerbin* nimbly shun'd the mortal blow;
 Around their heads the flaming falchions flew,
 And rocks and woods resounded blow for blow;
Orlando's blade dismiss'd to shades below
 A soul, where'er its edge descended right;
 And well the Caledonian seem'd to know
 Keen *Durindana's* fell decisive might,
 For still he shunn'd the stroke, and wheel'd to
 left and right.

Fleet as a mountain roe, his steed obey'd
 His Master's will, swift bounding here and there;
 Or, like an hound, sagacious thro' the glade,
 That bays the bristled boar, with horrent hair,
 The churning boar provokes the fight afar,
 And aims with sharpen'd tusks a sidelong wound.
 Thus young *Zerbino* shuns the storm of war,
 Evading oft the blow with nimble bound,
 And wards and strikes at once, and shifts his dan-
 g'rous ground.

Like

Like tempests, eddying on the distant plain,
 Between two bosom'd hills with whirlwind sway,
 When gusty march upturns the bellowing main,
 And bending woods the furious blast obey;
 Rebellious now, they dare the windy fray,
 And now their straining boughs salute the soil:
 Thus Zerbin hardly kept his foe at bay:
 His gen'rous steed, o'erspent with constant toil,
 Could scarce with wonted speed the raging Tartar foil.

At last, a downright blow his shoulder smote,
 And plate and mail defend their Lord no more.
 Thro' saddle-bow, and trappings richly wrought,
 ORLANDO'S fated blade resistless shore:
 But ZERBIN saw the coming stroke before,
 Else thro' his mangled side the steel had pass'd;
 It raz'd the skin, and sluic'd the purple gore:
 The ruddy stain his polish'd arms defac'd,
 Adown his manly limbs descending from his waist.

As I have seen the hand that chains my heart
 With purple grain the silv'ry warp divide,
 And beautify the web with matchless art :
 Thus stain'd the trickling gore his ivory side;
 The trickling gore alarm'd his beauteous bride,
 Who shriek'd aloud the purple stream to see.
 The Prince, with rage inspir'd, and martial pride,
 And inborn worth, and hope of victory,
 Return'd the blow, and struck the Tartar to his knee.

But oh! the Pagan far his foe excell'd
 In manly strength, and heav'nly temper'd mail;
 Tho' stunn'd, his haughty head he soon upheld;
 And "See, he cry'd, whose arms can best repel
 The biting steel!"—Then aim'd a blow so well,
 That helm and corset both it seem'd to mow.
 ZERBINO rais'd his buckler to repel
 The mortal stroke;—his shield receiv'd the blow,
 Down came the horrid blade, and cleft his buckler
 through.

He

He dropp'd the targe, and rais'd his vengeful blade,
 And rain'd on Hector's mail a storm of blows :
 The Phrygian mail, which ne'er its Lord betray'd,
 Nor dint of arms, nor sign of battle shews,
 But where MANDRICARD strikes, the joints uncloze,
 And shield and corslet strew the bloody ground.
 Yet, as his vigour fails, his courage grows,
 And still unconscious of his streaming wound
 He stood, erect and bold, nor yet his weakness own'd.

Fair ISABELLA saw impending fate;
 She saw—and terror froze the vital blood :
 Then shrieking ran, where † DORALICE sat,
 And clung around her knees, with fear subdu'd :
 And, while her eyes distill'd a briny flood,
 “ Oh ! part ! she cry'd, in mercy part the fray ! ”
 The nymph obey'd, and calm'd the angry mood
 Of the stern King, exulting o'er his prey,
 And Caledonia's Lord resign'd the doubtful day.

† The mistress of Mandricard.

With

With inborn grief consum'd, the gen'rous youth
 The loss of DURINDAN for ever wail'd,
 Nor time nor place his rankling mind could soothe.
 O'er ebbing rage the tide of woe prevail'd,
 And now his inward pangs, but ill conceal'd,
 Aided his wounds the warrior's strength to waste,
 And ev'ry hour his native vigour fail'd ;
 'Till life itself began to ebb at last,
 And down beside a spring his languid limbs he cast.

Down by his side the melancholy maid
 Lamenting sunk, to hope and comfort lost,
 Unknowing where to find a § Leech's aid.
 Nor city near, nor habitable post
 She knew, o'er all the desolated coast ;
 And oft' of Heav'n and fortune she complain'd.
 And " Why ! oh ! why, she cry'd, ye heav'nly host,
 Could not the swallowing storm my sorrows end,
 Why thus to tenfold woe my weary life extend ? "

§ Physician.

The dying lover rais'd his languid look,
 Deeply concern'd her piercing plaint to hear :
 He mark'd her woe, with keener torture struck
 Than e'er he felt from hostile sword or spear.
 " So let my mem'ry live for ever dear
 In that lov'd breast, the dying youth reply'd,
 As deep it wounds my heart to leave you here
 In this lone wilderness, without a guide,
 In solitary woe to trace the desert wide.

Had cruel fate allow'd me to expire
 Where christian hand the fun'ral rite could pay ;
 Thus, thus to die were ZERBIN's last desire,
 And on your bosom breathe his foul away !
 —Must I then leave my ISABEL to stray
 Where savage wolves, and men more savageroam ?
 Those looks, those eyes, that send a dewy ray,
 Those lips I last attest, your doubtful doom,
 Shall vex my wand'ring soul beyond the peaceful
 tomb."

Her

Her lips to his the lovely maid declin'd,
 And wash'd his clay-cold cheek with bursting woe,
 Like some sweet drooping flowret left behind,
 The cruel rigours of the north to know.
 " Was this your love, to seek the shades below,
 And leave me here ? return'd the weeping maid :
 Then hear your ISABELLA's latest vow
 Never to leave your side, alive or dead,
 But follow to the grave, or Hell's profounder shade.

Our souls shall take an undivided flight,
 For grief, or mortal steel, shall end my days ;
 Together shall we seek the realms of light,
 And yon' empyrean plains together trace :
 Some honest swain, that finds the fatal place,
 Shall give our mould'ring bones a common grave."
 And now the fatal moment came apace,
 Her quiv'ring lips his latest breath receive,
 While thus her last farewell the dying Hero gave.

" Now by our common vows, my love, forbear !
 By that strong love that led you o'er the main ;
 Yet for a while consent your woes to bear,
 And for my sake the load of life sustain.
 Shall no faint trace of ZERBIN's love remain ?
 Forbid it, Heav'n !—and think ! desponding maid,
 How from the stormy sea, and savage train,
 You lately 'scap'd by mighty ROLAND's aid,
 By Heav'n's protecting hand thro' various dangers
 led."

The rest was lost, for o'er his languid eyes
 The hand of Fate her sable curtain flung.
 A last, faint gleam, the lamp of life supplies ;
 While o'er him ISABEL in anguish hung.
 But when she saw her lover stretch'd along
 Lifeless and cold, she gave her sorrows way,
 And scream'd so loud, that dale and thicket rung,
 And rocks and woods return'd the doleful lay,
 And oft' her golden locks she rent in rage away.

At

At last, the lover's sword she chanc'd to spy,
 And drew, with dire intent the fatal blade;—
 But now, returning from a fountain nigh,
 A Hermit old the frantic deed survey'd,
 And instant ran, and seiz'd the furious maid,
 And strove with healing words to sooth her pain!
 And much the holy man devoutly pray'd
 That gracious Heav'n would calm her madding
 brain,
 And curb her swelling woe with Reason's gentle rein.

And many an holy text the sage apply'd,
 And talk'd of trials sad in days of old,
 The world's delusive scenes, the fall of pride,
 And Heav'n's unfailing faith the Hermit told.
 His words at length her madding mind control'd,
 And rais'd to Heav'n her disencumber'd thought:
 Yet the lov'd image kept its secret hold
 In her warm breast, by art celestial wrought,
 Nor would she leave his corse on that deserted spot.

Then

Then with the Hermit's aid her Lord's remains
 On his own steed she plac'd, a mournful weight,
 And journey'd o'er the desolated plains,
 To the fair confines of *Marfilea's* state:
 There, the sweet maid that mourn'd her lifeless
 mate,
 He meant to settle in a Convent near,
 Then, better to convey the mortal freight,
 The friendly Sage procur'd a fun'ral bier,
 And coffin, smear'd with pitch, to hold his reliques
 dear, &c.

* * * * *

*The Poet then proceeds to tell how the Princess
 DORALICE, who had been betrothed to RHODOMONT,
 Prince of SARZA, was carried off by MANDRI-
 CARD, King of Tartary: How RHODOMONT at-
 tempted to recover the Lady: When after a long
 and fruitless Contention, they resolved to abide by
 the election of the Princess, who, to the astonishment
 of*

of her first lover, chose the second.—The disappointed Hero, like ACHILLES, leaves the Camp in a rage, and fixes his habitation in a solitary spot near MARSEILLES.

Here pensive as † he stood, at close of day,
 And all his anguish rose afresh to mind,
 He saw a pair along the public way,
 A maid before, a rev'rend man behind;
 Lovely she seem'd, tho' all to grief resign'd;
 And on a sumpter steed an horse they bore,
 In sable clad, which slowly seem'd to wind
 In fun'ral pomp the verdant champaign o'er
 ZERBINO'S mournful bier, who fell on SENNA'S
 shore.

Taught by the hoary Sage, his weeping mate
 To Heav'n resolv'd her future life to vow;
 And now her lover brought in fun'ral state

† Rhodomont.

The

The hallow'd rites of burial to bestow :
 Her fine diſhevell'd hair, and looks of woe,
 Her eyes ſuffus'd with tears and heaving breast,
 Caus'd the proud heart of *Rhodemont* to glow,
 And rais'd new motions in the Pagan's breast,
 For in her lovely form the Graces ſhone conſeſt.

But vengeance ſoon aſſuag'd the riſing flame,
 And mem'ry of the wrongs from woman borne;
 Wrongs, which he vow'd to pay with double
 ſhame,
 On all the ſex of *Doralifa's* ſcorn,
 A proper object ſeem'd the maid forlorn,
 With freſh purſuit his former flame to quell.
 Inly he glow'd, to ſee the Damiſel mourn,
 And haſten'd down to meet her in the vale,
 Then ſoon with ſoothing words began his am'rous
 tale.

A look

A look of smooth deceit his heart conceal'd,
 And much he pray'd the Damsel's fate to hear;
 A train of varied woes the maid reveal'd;
 How, torn by fate from all she held most dear,
 She meant, in some sequester'd abbey near,
 In piety and peace her days to end:
 Theme of derision to the godless Peer!
 Who ne'er was known his stubborn knees to bend,
 Or to the heav'nly throne an orison to send.

And much he blam'd the profanation vile,
 Such beauty in a Nunn'ry to entomb!
 Like Miser old, that hides his shining spoil
 From human use in some sequester'd gloom.
 "The savage race to manacles we doom,
 Not lambs, whose gentle kind encrease our fold."
 Thus he began the Tutor to assume:
 But the grey Saint, in aid of virtue bold,
 With godly reprimand his rising flame controll'd.

The Hermit lavish'd all his sacred store,
 And spread the banquet of the soul in vain;
 Perverse of taste, he scorn'd his temp'rate lore,
 Like some proud steed, rebellious to the rein:
 Yet still the Preacher ply'd the word amain;
 'Till Rhodomont at last, with fury stung,
 Th' Apostle took, and dash'd him on the plain.—
 But now 'tis time to end my tedious song,
 For Hesper lights his lamp, and leads the stars along.

C A N T O XXIX.

NOR blows nor threats the holy man could
move,

Nor soothing pray'rs, to leave his Ward behind :
No more with words the haughty Pagan strove ;
But in his rev'rend beard his hand entwin'd,
Nor left a lock of all he seiz'd behind !
Nor yet content, the trembling caitiff caught,
And swung him round and round, with fury blind ;
Then launch'd in air the man without a fault,
Whose breathless corse, they tell, the neighb'ring
ocean fought !

And,

And, dash'd against a rock, distain'd the flood
 With batter'd brains and consecrated gore!
 But others say, an heav'nly angel stood
 To break his fall, and thence the victim bore.
 A third reports, he fought the distant shore,
 With oary arms; but sunk, by labour spent!—
 The wand'ring Muse pursues his flight no more,
 But turns to sing the Pagan's fell intent,
 Who thro' the whistling air his teasing Tutor sent.

Then turning to the Maid with mild regard,
 (The Maid who fate in monumental woe!)
 Nor pray'rs nor blandishments the Lover spar'd,
 To teach her icy heart like his to glow:—
 “ My Life! my Soul! a pitying glance bestow
 On him, whose life on ev'ry look depends:
 From you his hopes, from you his comforts flow,
 Swift thro' his soul the gliding dart descends!”
 Thus ev'ry common-place of love the Pagan blends.

No sign of violence the Lover shew'd ;
 For love had taught by gentleness to gain
 The Maid's consent, in gen'rous gift bestow'd,
 Not by brute force compell'd, or won with pain :
 And, tho' he long'd the lovely fruit to gain,
 Yet much he fear'd the tender tree to wound ;
 But thought by slow degrees her mind to train,
 While she, who fear'd her virgin fame to wound,
 To ev'ry quarter turn'd her anxious thoughts around.

With mortal steel her purity to save
 She first resolv'd ; and thus to keep her faith,
 And sink unspotted to her silent grave.
 True to her murder'd Lord, in life and death,
 Who in her snowy arms resign'd his breath,
 And heard her vows of everlasting truth.
 And now she spy'd the Pagan's rising wrath,
 Who saw his arts how vain her soul to soothe,
 Fir'd with her virgin charms and rosy blooming youth.

At

No

At last her anxious thought a project form'd,
 To turn his violating rage away.
 And now the Knight, to am'rous frenzy warm'd,
 Forgot to soothe, and press'd to seize his prey.—
 She interpos'd, with tim'rous sweet delay.
 “Hear! if you hold your life and honour dear!
 A noble gift your continence shall pay
 (If to my pray'r you lend a patient ear)
 Above the fleeting joys of female beauty dear!

A thousand willing Dames may crown your love,
 And soothe the soul with transitory joy;
 But mine are joys the fleeting bliss above,
 Which few besides can give, and none destroy:
 An herb I know, in yonder forest nigh,
 Which, boil'd in bitter rue and ivy-juice,
 Then o'er the flame of cypress left to fry,
 And press'd by maids, a liquor shall produce,
 O'er all the Sylvan kind of most distinguish'd use.

It saves, from biting steel and burning flame,
 The man that thrice anoints his body round,
 For one revolving moon in fields of fame :
 Then deadly steel regains its pow'r to wound
 'Till once again the sov'reign bath is found,
 And once again the magic juice apply'd.
 For this I pledge myself, in promise bound
 This day the wondrous liquor to provide,
 A gift beyond the sway of Europe's kingdoms wide.

I ask your plighted faith, the sole return,
 Neither by word nor deed to wound my fame."
 Th' impatient Saracen began to burn
 The charm to know, and satisfy'd the Dame
 With solemn oaths, by ev'ry dreadful name.
 Nor longer meant the sacrament to keep,
 Than, proof to biting steel and burning flame,
 He found the magic bath his members steep,
 But in his mind conceal'd his cruel purpose deep.

For

For angel, saint, or God, he valu'd not !
 For lies renown'd beyond the Punic race !
 And with repeated oaths the Virgin brought
 On him her seeming confidence to place :
 Then ISABEL explor'd the lonely maze,
 The plant of steel-defying pow'r to find ;
 Nor fail'd the Algerine her steps to trace,
 In mute attendance following close behind ;
 And many an herb beheld, from Mother Earth dis-
 join'd.

Of some the root, of some the stem she brought,
 And to the Pagan's cell return'd in haste :
 Then this unequal'd maid of stainless thought,
 High o'er the Cypress flame her cauldron plac'd,
 And all the live-long night the liquor prest
 With virgin hands, 'till *Phosphor* woke the day.
 The wakeful Prince, observant of his Guest,
 Her ev'ry motion watch'd with keen survey,
 'Till now the stars began to shine with blunted ray.

But

But, long compell'd to watch the raging flame,
 A burning thirst had seiz'd the Pagan Knight:
 He call'd his menial crew—the servants came
 And soon began the Bacchanalian rite!
 He sat, and quaff'd with ever new delight,
 Scorning the * sober laws of Lybia's shore,
 Two casks of gen'rous *Rhodes*, the prize of fight,
 The Algerine exhausted of their store,
 Nor priz'd the cup beyond that blooming *HEBE* bore.

And larger cups he call'd, and larger still,
 Along his slaves the mantling bowl.
 The slaves exhaust the bowl, and instant fill
 'Till cell and table seem'd around to roll.
 The maid, observant of his madd'ning soul,
 Her cauldron cool'd, and thus bespoke the Peer:
 " My Lord! the spell is fix'd, entire and whole,
 And soon the full effect my faith shall clear,
 For I myself propose the trial first to bear.

* *Viz.* of Mahometanism.

Your eyes shall witness to the daring deed,
 Your strong decisive hand shall judge the truth;
 The sov'reign juice of this decocted weed
 Shall smear my yielding neck, and bosom smooth:
 Then let no female touch of pity soothe
 Your manly breast, but draw your vengeful blade,
 And try its edge on me! devoid of ruth.
 Thus be the virtue of the spell essay'd,
 If yet its power can save a pure unspotted maid."

She bath'd her lovely neck, and bent it low;
 The thoughtless *Saracen* his faulchion drew,
 Heady with wine, and aim'd a mortal blow;
 From her fair neck the head asunder flew,
 Dashing the walls around with purple dew;
 And thrice aloft the gory visage sprung,
 And thrice distinctly call'd her lover true,
 The partner of her soul, with trembling tongue;
 And on her dying lips the name of *ZERBIN* hung.

Peace

Peace to her soul ! that found a way so rare
 To save from taint her pure un sullied name ;
 That kept her chastity with cautious care,
 An Hermit virtue now, of slender fame :
 So may the favour'd *Tuscan* Muse proclaim
 The bright example down from age to age ;
 As here I vow to sing the peerless dame,
 And deck with ev'ry charm the glowing page,
 For centuries to come her sisters to engage.

Go, take thy seat, the heav'nly choirs among,
 But leave thy virtues to the world below.
 Already ! hark ! begins the choral song,
 And love celestial wears a warmer glow ;
 " A brighter wreath on *ISABEL* bestow !
 A voice proclaim'd, " than *Roman Lucrece* wore.
 And future *ISABELS* a rank shall know
 Above their sex, from *Gaul* to *India's* shore,
 A breed of matchless minds on earth unknown before.

Immortal Pœans on thy name shall wait
 From Calpe's western cliffs to Indus bay,
 And future Bards prolong thy deathless date
 Beyond the limits of a mortal fair;
 The maids of Helicon their lutes prepare,
 And Echo propagates the name around,
 Thro' Pindus' wafted on the trembling air,
 And steep Parnassian cliffs return the sound,
 While Phœbus joins the theme, and sings the
 glorious wound."

Such music charm'd the air, and balanc'd main,
 Which, calm as death, the heav'nly summons
 heard:
 The op'ning sky reviv'd the pomp again,
 And ISABEL before her love appear'd,
 An Angel now, from gross contagion clear'd
 Of this sad soil, where now the Pagan lay,
 New from his wine, in virgin slaughter smear'd,
 And found his dire mistake, and curs'd the day
 That to his horrid hands seduc'd the lovely prey.

At last he swore to make her mem'ry live,
 And purge his crime with off'rings to her shade :
 Then on a tomb he bade her fame survive,
 And to her name a dedication made
 Of those sad walls that saw the reeking blade :
 Numbers the Knight employ'd to raise the frame,
 And some for love, for terror some obey'd,
 And soon the quarry'd cliffs together came,
 And built the wondrous mass, a work of deathless
 name.

Twice fifty feet in front the marble mound
 Enclos'd the solemn tomb, and chapel fair,
 Like ARIAN's mole on Tiber's stream renown'd,
 And near, a turret rais'd its head in air,
 Across the stream he built a bridge with care,
 Where two encount'ring steeds could hardly pass,
 Narrow and steep, it seem'd to menace war,
 And strode the surge with formidable grace,
 Nor wall, nor palisade, enclos'd the dang'rous space.

On

On this portentous bridge he meant to meet
 Whatever champion dar'd the pass to try,
 And send the warrior and his steed to fleet
 Down the deep flood that swept his castle by :
 Their shining arms he swore to hang on high
 A thousand shields at least, to soothe her ghost.
 Now ten revolving suns had walk'd the sky,
 And now the bridge complete the river cross'd,
 And the high-station'd watch survey'd the ample
 coast.

The solemn tomb had hardly reach'd its height,
 Yet overlook'd at large the prospect near.
 A sounding bugle told, if any Knight
 Approach'd the dang'rous pass to break a spear,
 Then from the castle came the raging Peer,
 With lance in rest, to dare the doubtful fray :
 The stumbling courser cost his rider dear,
 For one untoward step would turn the day,
 And send them down the stream together swept away.

If to the western shore a stranger came,
 The eastern side the Pagan warrior held :
 Still on the bridge to close the bloody game,
 Nor ever deign'd to give an ampler field :
 His falling foe the Algerine compell'd,
 To quaff at large the cool and temp'rate flood,
 For that Circæan draught, that late impell'd
 His cruel hand to shed a virgin's blood,
 As that baptismal rite could ease his inward load.

Fool! to suppose the surge could wash away
 The bloody orgies of the venom'd bowl!
 Yet many a Knight who fought the dubious fray
 By turns were sent adown the flood to roll,
 For there the way from Italy to Gaul
 Directly led the Cavaliers along;
 And more, impell'd by native worth of soul
 Met on the bloody pass the son of wrong,
 From that disastrous bridge by turns at distance flung.

Their

Their name and arms behind the Lybians left,
 Suspended high o'er ISABELLA'S grave;
 But liberty and life, a dearer gift,
 The gallant Pagan to his brethren gave.
 His christian foes he sent across the wave
 To fam'd ARZILIS' strand, a captive train:
 But fortune sent a bolder foe to brave
 The haughty Lord, that rul'd the wide domain;
 ROLAND, the moon-struck man that scower'd the
 ample plain.

By chance or fate the noble Maniac led,
 Beheld the unfinish'd walls and rising tow'rs;
 Just then, in horrid steel completely clad
 The Pagan stood, and mark'd the madman's course,
 Who leapt the stony fence with matchless force;
 Yet ere the bridge he gain'd, the warder cry'd,
 "Hence on thy life! for no such mountain boors
 The pass was meant, but knights in danger try'd
 Who know with deadly steel the quarrel to decide."

The

The love-lorn wretch by moody madness stung,
 Regardless of his threat, secur'd the pass,
 Fir'd at the bold attempt, the son of wrong
 Resolv'd at once to check the foul disgrace,
 And push the Maniac from the narrow space,
 In the deep stream his arrogance to cool;
 Nor dream'd, a naked groom would dare to face
 His val'rous arm, renown'd from pole to pole,
 Which many a Knight had sent adown the flood to roll.

Just then the Pagan saw a Damsel fair,
 Who to the bloody bridge her palfrey press'd;
 Sweet *Hordelese*, that fought, in sad despair,
 Her gallant *Brandimart* from east to west;
 Nor knew that now he lay, by siege oppress'd,
 In *Paris* walls, with *Gallia*'s sons of fame!
 She saw the struggling warriors breast to breast,
 Full well she knew *Orlando*'s giant frame,
 And stood with anxious eye to mark the manly game.

At

At once his naked majesty she knew,
 But wonder'd much to see his moon-struck rage.
 The grappling warriors now the fight renew,
 And bend alternate o'er the fearful edge ;
 The Pagan storm'd to find an Ideot wage
 Such equal war, and foil a practis'd knight :
 And now he tries at vantage to engage
 His foe, by open force, or secret sleight ;
 And twists him to the left, and bends him to the right.

Again, he thought *Orlando's* weight to heave
 With manly might, and o'er the ramparts throw ;
 Or with supplanting foot to foil the chief.
 Like a chaf'd boar that feels his fury glow,
 Against the tree from which he fell below,
 And strives with fruitless rage to rend the bole,
 Thus *Rod'mont* strove to foil his moon-struck foe,
 While *Roland*, strong of hand, but weak of soul,
 The panting Pagan held beneath his stern control.

Bereft

Bereft of sense, but terrible in might,
 Backward he leapt, and drew his foe along;
 The flashing waves receiv'd their double weight,
 And round the plaintive shores the rumour rung;
 Fast to the shore the naked madman sprung,
 For well his oary arms he knew to ply;
 But *Rhod'mont* toil'd the dashing waves among,
 Close-arm'd, and hardly gain'd the harbour nigh;
 While *Roland* sped away, and scorn'd his victory.

Careless alike of obloquy or fame,
 He hurried on, nor cast a look behind;
 While prying round, to spy her lover's name,
 Or broider'd mantle waving in the wind,
 Sweet *Hordelisa* search'd in vain to find
 Her husband's arms on *Isabella's* tomb;
 Nor, tho' in vain, the anxious search declin'd,
 And doubtful still of *Brandemarte's* doom,
 Her gallant husband sought from *Normandy* to *Rome*.

'Twere

'Twere madness like his own the flights to tell
 Of that fantastic Knight, in order due,
 And with his countless freaks my song to swell;
 But some I'll thence select, a simple few,
 That bear the genuine mark, authentic, true:
 And first I'll give *Pyrene's* pass to fame;
 But first, an horrid line of death he drew,
 From clime to clime, till to the bounds he came,
 Which *Arragon* divide from *Gallia's* nobler name.

Still tow'rd the setting sun he bent his flight,
 'Till to a lofty rock he came at last,
 That o'er the valley frown'd, as black as night,
 In ruin pendent o'er the dreary waste;
 Just then, a rustic pair the valley past,
 And slowly urg'd a loaded ass along:
 The lunatic they saw; and called in haste,
 "Idiot! be gone, or dread the smarting thong,
 How dar'st thou cross our way, those rugged rocks
 among?"

Fle

He answer'd not, but rais'd his foot in air,
 And instant spurn'd away the burden'd beast.
 Devious he flew, till, on a hill afar,
 He perch'd, like tim'rous dove by falcon press'd.
 Then on the youths he ran, a pair unblest,
 With luck beyond his hope, the foremost fell
 Ten fathoms down, and scap'd the raging pest!
 Tho' torn with briars that lin'd the rocky dell,
 Yet much he prais'd the saints that sped his flight
 so well!

'The youngest strove a pointed rock to climb,
 And scrambled to the top with all his might;
 But, ere his hands could touch the top sublime,
 His heels were seiz'd behind by *Almont's* knight!
 Who rais'd the wretch aloft, with stern delight,
 And rent, with gloomy joy, his trunk in twain;
 As for a falcon, tir'd with lengthen'd flight,
 His Lord divides a pullet, or a crane,
 Its entrails, for the bird, a fav'ry treat to gain.

Himself

Himself the wondrous tale to *Turpin* told,
Turpin the Sage, who gave the deed to fame.
 Now down the hill the lucky brother roll'd ;
 And now aloft he seiz'd the panting Game !
 Then to *Hesperia*'s bounds the Rover came,
 Down from *Pyrene*, like a sweeping storm,
 Sending from realm to realm his dreaded name ;
 To distant *Calpe* ran the long alarm,
 And *Arragon* beheld her shore with slaughter warm !

There, as at eve, he meant his limbs to lay,
 And rest awhile beneath the cooling shade ;
 Disastrous chance !—along the fatal way,
*Angelica**, with young *Medoro* led,
 His blooming Rival, and the faithless Maid,
 Who from the *Gallic* bounds their way pursu'd,
 Th' unconscious Fair approach'd the secret shade,
 And, stretch'd along the sand her Lover view'd !
 In sight, a *Savage Man* ! who roam'd the neigh-
 b'ring wood.

For

* The Mistress of Orlando.

For still beneath the burning eye of Noon
 Naked he ran, since first his frenzy grew,
 Led by the mazes of the wand'ring moon!
 And now his skin had chang'd its native hue,
 For dusky brown, that marks the funny crew
 In *Mauritania's* shores, or *Niger's* strand;
 Or where *Ammonian Jove* commands the view
 Of unprolific plains and barren sands,
 Or where proud *Nilus* sweeps across the smiling lands.

Gaunt were his looks, his eyes with hollow stare,
 Deep, deep within the burning sockets roll'd:
 Like Gorgon's crest, or stern *Alecto's* hair,
 His tempest-beaten locks erect, and bold,
 With horrid shade his temples seem'd to fold;
 His beard the rest conceal'd, a black disguise:
Cathaia's Princess shudder'd to behold
 His looks, and sprung away with wild surprize,
 Shrieking for instant aid with agonizing cries.

The Maniac started from his humble bed,
 And sprung to seize the lovely panting prey ;
 Tho' ev'ry trace of love had left his head
 By long oblivious madness raz'd away ;
 She, like a fawn, that fears the quiv'ring spray,
 He, with a tyger's speed, pursu'd behind.
 MEDORO mark'd the chace, with wild dismay,
 And with his falchion bare, the madman join'd,
 Aiming to lop his head, as down the wretch declin'd.

The blow rebounded from his charmed hide,
 His charmed hide, by fate secur'd from wound.
 ORLANDO felt the shock, and turn'd aside,
 Then rais'd a fist, which ne'er an equal own'd,
 And struck his steed, and fell'd him to the ground;
 The gen'rous courser spurn'd and groan'd his last.
 Medoro left his steed with nimble bound ;
 But that wild Maniac, heedless in his haste,
 O'erstept the vanquish'd Knight, and the fair *Asian*
 chas'd.

The

The shrieking Lady urg'd her steed along
 By the smooth margin of the level shore.
 Vain was the bloody spur, the smarting thong,
 The *Savage Man* had quaff'd her streaming gore!
 But now her ring, an aid unthought before,
 She call'd to mind, and to her lips apply'd:—
 The Lunatic beheld her face no more!
 So well the Ring preserv'd its pow'r to hide;
 But, as she rais'd her hand, she slipt her foot aside.

Whether by fear or haste, her feet she lost,
 Just as she disappear'd and backward fell!
 Perhaps her stumbling steed his legs had cross'd,
 Or this, or that, I'll not presume to tell!
 A moment later had she try'd the spell,
 The *Savage Man* had seiz'd his panting prey!—
 Now let her try again a steed to steal*,
 By quick conveyance from his Lord away,
 For *Roland* her's pursues along the sandy bay.

* She had stolen the horse which she rode.

But let us leave the Princess to her fate,
 An happier fate than *Roland* doom'd to find,
 And follow by the shore her moon-struck Mate;
 Who matchless in his speed, outwent the wind!
 Now foot to foot, he follow'd close behind;
 Now side by side, he reach'd the steed at last;
 Then round his hand the flowing bridle twin'd,
 And on the saddle sprung with furious haste,
 And ply'd the whip and spur along the barren waste.

With gloomy joy he strode the willing steed,
 His mistress had not giv'n him more delight;
 Yet stop'd he not his famish'd horse to feed,
 Nor gave an hour to breathe, at morn or night:
 At last a chasm appear'd, an awful sight
 To sober men, but *ROLAND* try'd the leap,
 And tumbled down a pit, as dark as night,
 His steed and him together down the steep,
 But brave *ORLANDO* roll'd uninjur'd to the deep.

Not

Not so his steed, his shoulder felt the shock,
 And up the hero dragg'd her weight with pain :
 Then on his ample back the burden took,
 And bore her seventy furlongs o'er the plain ;
 Then set her gently down, and pull'd the rein,
 And urg'd to toilsome march, the weary beast,
 That slowly limp'd along, like one in pain ;
 " Come on, he cry'd," and still the victim prest,
 While still with hobbling gait the courser mock'd
 his haste.

But had he vy'd with angels in their speed,
 He had not match'd a frantic man's desire ;
 At length he took the bridle from his head,
 And bound it to his foot with frantic ire,
 And still he chear'd him when he seem'd to tire,
 And still along the mangled victim drew ;
 Nor minded, when he saw the steed expire,
 But tugg'd her on thro' rocks and sands anew,
 'Till nought but rattling bones the madman's course
 pursue.

He drew his lumber ^(dead horse) on, and ravag'd all
 Hamlet or town, where'er he chanc'd to come :
 The plunder'd village felt his hunger's call,
 And gave their hoards to fill his giant womb,
 Their sheep, their oxen found a living tomb :
 The shepherds kill'd, or maim'd, his fury wail'd ;
 Oh ! had his mistress met an equal doom !—
 But that curs'd Ring the forc'refs conceal'd,
 And for a thousand lives the vengeance due withheld.

Curs'd be the hand that gave the magic ring !
 And he that taught our senses to abuse !
 Else now the task were mine her fall to sing
 An awful lesson, meant for public use :
 ROLAND, return ! and let thy fury loose
 Among the faithless jilts of modern times !
 But now the moon-struck man invites the Muse
 To his unequal'd rage to suit her rhymes,
 And now the circling sun descends to other climes.

END OF THE SPECIMEN.

P O S T S C R I P T

T O T H E
S P E C I M E N O F A R I O S T O .

TO save the trouble of criticism, (if this Specimen be thought worthy of animadversion) the Translator owns, that he has taken some liberties with the Original, particularly with respect to abbreviation. (The genius of *Italian* is so different from *English*, that what is elegant and harmonious in the former, appears flat and prosaic in the latter, if rendered with rigorous fidelity.) His freedom, however, has been attended with caution; though, where he could compress a senti-

ment

ment which had been dilated in the original, and by that means add to its poetical effect, he has not scrupled the experiment. The most rigorous Critic, he hoped, would not be offended at the suppression of a pleonasm. With respect to the licentious passages, he has been more hardy, as they are all either altered, or entirely omitted, in the entire translation, which has been finished some years.



F I N I S.

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